

Lord Beaverbrook in Two Wars

By T. G. ROBERTS
SEE PAGE TWELVE

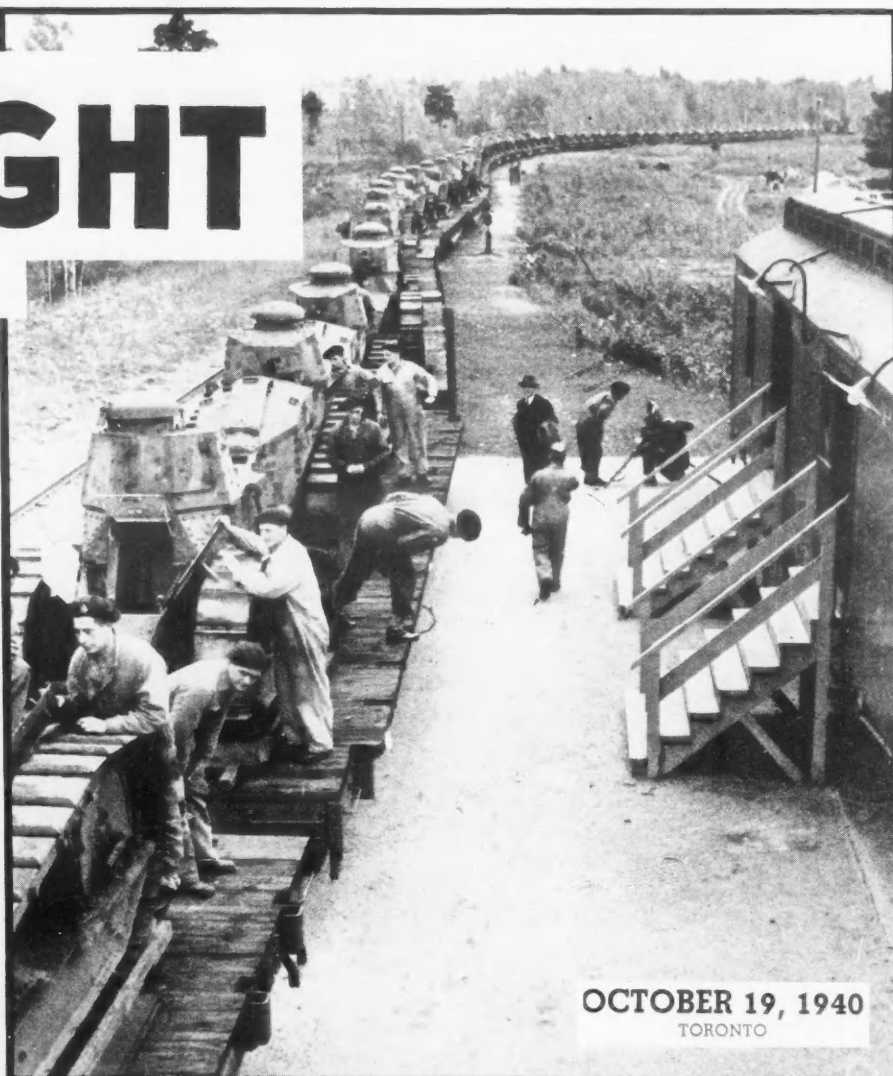
SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS

VOL. 56, NO. 6



OCTOBER 19, 1940
TORONTO

"GOOD LUCK, CANADA." AT THE LEFT, SOME OF 300 TANKS TURNED OVER BY THE AMERICANS TO TRAIN CANADA'S BRIGADES. AT RIGHT, THE TANKS ARRIVE AT CAMP BORDEN.

Entries for the Evacuee School Essay Competition must reach us by noon of Saturday next, October 26. Rules will be found on page 13. Competitors must be under sixteen. We have a notion that the quality of the material in this contest will be a bit of a surprise to our readers.

A Disappointment

THE explanation of the disappointing change in Mr. Hanson's handling of the job of acting leader of the federal Conservative party since the adjournment of the House is not very difficult to find; but that does not make it any less disappointing.

Mr. Hanson is, we think, one of those not uncommon people whose behavior and attitude are influenced more than they should be by the behavior and attitudes of the more important or more aggressive of the people among whom they happen to be at the moment.

At Ottawa, while the House was sitting, he was in a milieu dominated by people who are at least taking very seriously their various functions as ministers, legislators and officers of state in a time of desperate warfare. (Some of them may not be taking them seriously enough, and some may not be competent enough no matter how serious they are; but nobody will deny that the general atmosphere of Ottawa is serious.) In Toronto, at the time of the Exhibition speech (which did not seem to us so bad as Mr. Hanson's enemies made it, if not so good as Mr. Hanson's wisest friends would have liked it), Mr. Hanson was circulating among Conservative workers, who are serious chiefly about getting something that will diminish Mr. King's, and perhaps Mr. Hepburn's, voting strength.

But in the Maritimes, things must have been a good deal worse. Mr. Hanson is himself a Maritimer, of New Brunswick, and Maritimers do take their partisanship neat, and are still desperately angry at Mr. King's having pulled an election before the House had a chance to debate the Government's war record.

We do not believe that Mr. Hanson can possibly have discussed his Charlottetown speech with the best of the Maritime Conservatives, or

Jerome Beatty and "Jay" have discovered a big Canadian industry run by boys for boys. See story and pictures on page 4.

THE FRONT PAGE

if he did he must have been singularly uninfluenced by their judgment; but he may well have found among the local workers an element which thought, as he himself presumably did, that the censoring of news about the training of British airmen in Canada could have no other purpose than to save the Government from having to admit a past error, and that a daring violation of this censorship ruling by a high party leader would do the party a lot of good.

There could hardly have been a worse error of judgment, though the reference to allegedly Communist trade unions which preceded it by a few days ran it a close second for political ineptitude. Denunciation of the C.I.O. is now best left to A.F. of L. unionists, who have a license to be bitter about a rather successful rival, and even Mr. Hepburn has been perfectly quiet on the subject for months. The idea that patriotism in the Nova Scotia mining industry is entirely confined to the mine owners is too difficult of belief to make good politics for any national party, and should have been left scrupulously to the lesser local leaders. It is possible that Mr. Hanson himself belongs in that class, though for some months we had been thinking better of him.

Changes in Nova Scotia

IT IS with regret that we note the retirement from public life of Col. Gordon S. Harrington, who recently resigned the leadership of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia. His record in the last war, when he was Deputy Minister Overseas of the Department of National Defence, was a magnificent one. He single-handed planned the smooth and successful demobilization of the Canadian Army in 1919, and his services in the rapid adjustment of debt charges between Canada and Great Britain were outstanding. When Hon. E. N. Rhodes became Premier of Nova Scotia in 1925, and within three years modernized a province that had been jogging along in the horse and buggy era, Col. Harrington was credited with being the ablest administrator

in the Government. From 1930 to 1933 he was Premier, but when he came to face the electors the truth was once more demonstrated that the most efficient administrator is not necessarily adept in the art of politics.

As Col. Harrington's successor, the Conservatives have chosen a young lawyer well and favorably known through the Maritimes. He is Leonard W. Fraser of Halifax, a native however of New Glasgow, where Frasers are relatively as numerous as Joneses in Cardiff. Shortly after graduating from Dalhousie Law School in 1925 he became confidential secretary to Premier Rhodes—and became familiar with every detail of government. After he returned to the practice of law in 1930, he became known as one of the most gifted stump speakers in the Maritimes. Though but thirty-eight he has a wealth of political experience behind him, and much natural initiative. Apart from party leanings he is the type of young public man on whom the future of this country depends.

To Diminish Worry

UNDOUBTEDLY many people who worry about the war are less concerned about the possibility of defeat than about the war's economic after-effects. They think that so terrific a struggle, coming on the heels of ten years of economic depression, must mean world ruination. But this is a false assumption. The Napoleonic wars, though they appeared at the time to have bled Britain white, did not ruin her; the balance of that century saw her greatest growth in power, prosperity and prestige. The United States enjoyed its greatest expansion in the decades following the Civil War. After the last Great War there was a minor slump in 1920-21, and thereafter a boom which carried on to the speculative crash of 1929. Certainly big wars are not harbingers of prosperity, but equally certainly they are not necessarily precursors of world ruin. That's perhaps because they have a way of clearing up situations which had been retarding progress.

That is likely to be so in the present case. This war is a hard one and perhaps a long one. (Continued on Page Three)

Stephen Leacock has done a charming little piece of verse in honor of our newest immigrants, the British Evacuees, page 12.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

THE enigmatic Stalin still keeps the world guessing, but observers are beginning to suspect that Soviet Russia has all along planned to play an impassive role in the war.

The Japanese ought to grow up and be realistic. That ugly face they made at the Americans is not worth saving.

The last war was called the Great War. This one, because of its constant shifting of scene, could well be called the Whirled War.

The Germans still seem pretty confident as they continue to spread destruction throughout the world. Evidently they have not yet lost the conviction that they'll win the war in the long run.

There are two reasons why Nazi newspaper editors will probably suppress all these stories about people throwing tomatoes and bananas at Wendell Willkie. One, because they'd like to see Roosevelt defeated and two,

because they don't want the German people to be reminded that the United States is still the land of plenty.

And you will now it is Utopia, too, because when the telephone rings nobody will say "you answer it and tell her I'm not in."

One reason, of course, why the Axis partnership cannot last is because it is founded on mutual distrust.

The German advance into Rumania should be the final proof of the oil-embracing nature of Hitler's war plans.

Up-to-date, Japan's expansion in the Pacific seems largely confined to sticking her neck out.

Esther says she was terribly mortified at the misunderstanding she caused at the Red Cross. She says she sent them a collection of coat hangers in answer to their appeal but forgot to take her dresses off them.

The



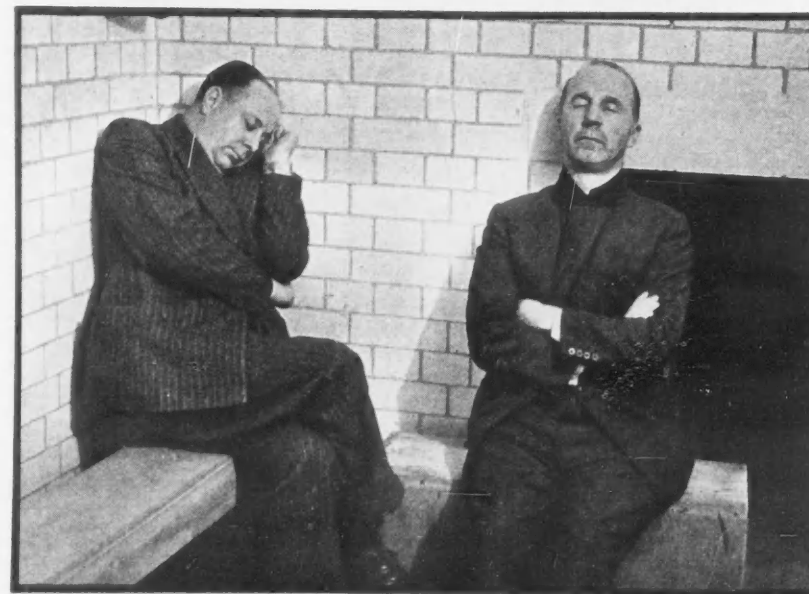
CO-OPERATIVE RESTING. NOTE THE GIRL RESTING HER CHEEK ON THE "PADDED" STICK. FOUR PEOPLE ARE GETTING THE MAXIMUM COMFORT IN THEIR SHELTER.



BACK TO BACK. HERE IS AN UNUSUAL BUT TO-BE-RECOMMENDED POSITION FOR SLEEPING IN A SMALL SPACE.



THE OFFICE BOY'S FAVORITE POSITION—PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED.



COMPARISON OF GOOD AND BAD POSITIONS. THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS CRAMPED, TENSE AND UNCOMFORTABLE. NOW LOOK AT HIS COMPANION ON THE RIGHT—RESTING AND COMPLETELY AT EASE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Why Hitler Hates the British People So Furiously

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

HITLER hates Britain furiously, because Britain stands for human liberty and for government by the people.

That is why he hates America; he calls the United States the "mongrel" of the nations.

He hates British and Americans because they "have." He holds that it is unjust for them to be prosperous when he can, he thinks, take their possessions from them.

Why are British and Americans "rich?" Because, under democratic government, liberty of the individual has long permitted the utmost activity of invention, the utmost productivity of genius.

It was the British and the Americans who conceived, for the glory of mankind and the well-being of humanity, those machines and those methods which Hitler is now employing as a tool for achieving military despotism. He would destroy liberty with the instruments that liberty has produced.

The struggle is not a mere war between nations. It is a death struggle between two different ways of living. Hitler believes it right for a German, for his own advantage, to destroy and enslave all other men. Democracy believes it just for all men to have equal opportunity for work and for profit from their labor.

This is our choice: destroy this menace to our civilization, or accept enslavement for ourselves and for our children's children.

Montreal.

W. Y. EATON.

Teachings of Luther

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR Lutheran correspondent, Pastor Hahn, states that he has never heard or read anything which would uphold Dean Inge's statement that Luther taught that the state is not bound by the teachings of Christ—that it need not obey any moral principles at all.

I suggest one outstanding incident where such teaching by Luther was clearly stated in no uncertain language. The horrible slaughter of the peasants in Swabia in 1524 furnishes us with a striking manifestation of the spirit of Nazi terrorism which has been revealed in recent months. It was Luther himself who pleaded with the state to destroy these people like dogs. Luther, who had preached to these slaves promising them the wonderful fruits of Christian liberty, declared: "A man who is convicted of the crime of rebellion is under the ban of God and the Emperor, and every Christian can and should slaughter him and will thus be doing a very good deed. . . For all these reasons, my lords, do not stay your hands. . . Exterminate, slay, let whoever has the power use it." And he

concludes with almost homicidal fury: "We are living in such extraordinary times that a prince can win heaven by spilling blood more easily than others by praying." (Weimar Edition, Vol. XVIII, p. 361.)

To the peasants themselves he writes: "The only liberty for which you should care is spiritual liberty; the only rights you can legitimately demand are those that pertain to the spiritual life." (Vol. VIII, pp. 680-1.) They should be Christians, yes, but above all docile subjects, model robots bowing to a state arrayed by God with a unique power that none must contest.

Putting aside for the moment all that for which Luther earned the gratitude of men, he yet remains as one of the fathers of the German world and of the German mind, a progenitor of ideas the final outcome of which he did not foresee.

St. John, N.B.

(REV.) J. J. HURLEY.

It Can Happen Here

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE English papers have just come. In them the veil of censorship is lifted to some degree. In them are hammer-blows at the store-house of memory which those of us who knew London have of that city. Among familiar landmarks which by September 21 had been badly damaged, or destroyed, are St. Thomas' Hospital, the L.C.C. Building across from the Embankment, the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, the Inner Temple Library (no books damaged), St. Dunstan's, the Public Record Office, the courtyards of the Wallace Collection and of the British Museum, the Test-match Pitch and the Practice Grounds at Lords, the Burlington Arcade, and the following shops: John Lewis, D. H. Evans, Bourne & Hollinsworth, Peter Robinson's, Thomas' Goldsmiths & Silversmiths, and Boucheron's of Bond Street.

True, these names represent but a fraction of the buildings that have been damaged; even truer, they represent but a minute fraction of the whole city; but, most true, they are symbols that we all can recognize.

Nineteen days have passed since these newspapers appeared on the streets of London; nineteen days of continuous air-raids. We read and hear a great deal about the magnificent spirit shown by the people of Britain in the face of the pestilence that has befallen them; some of us feel that we can appreciate to a small degree the intensity of the travail that is theirs; but there are still too many people in this country who are liable to regard newspaper stories of these events merely as newspaper stories—too many people who continue to wrap their feelings in the cotton-wool of self-complacency.

For these names read the Maple

Leaf Gardens, Massey Hall, Eaton's, Simpson's. Think what it would mean to you to see these familiar spots destroyed, or partially in ruins, to see debris piled up around a shattered T.T.C. street-car at the corner of King and Yonge, to know that a gigantic time-bomb were lying buried in front of the Toronto General Hospital. Think clearly, deep in your heart, what it would mean to you. If you do, that "magnificent spirit" of the British people will be more to you than a mere combination of words. It will set your soul alight, send your spirit soaring to the stars, and give you a pride of endeavor that will carry you through the darkest of the days that lie ahead.

Fellow citizens of Canada, we are lucky, almost too lucky. Of physical suffering we are experiencing nothing; of spiritual and mental stress but little. Let us take heed lest the good times and good things immediately around us cause our capacity for sacrifice and our ability to withstand hard blows to be still born. Let us think continuously of what the people of Britain are enduring on our behalf. Let us think of Canada, of what it means to us, of how dear it is to us. Let every man and woman, in the words of Mr. Churchill, "prepare himself to do his duty, whatever it may be, with special pride and care."

TERENCE CRONYN

St. Catharines, Ont.

Passing Show Does Pass

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

"DARN it," I too like The Passing Show. I find cheer and entertainment in its lines. I am glad to become acquainted with Esther, and to get a clearer view of Utopia. Don't let any-one spoil the Passing Show. Hamilton, Ont. M. D.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHO says "The Passing Show" does not pass? Just what is it expected to pass? Surely not the disgruntled criticism of "C.R." who, evidently, just can't bear the thought of anyone enjoying an occasional chuckle because there is a war to be won. You might draw to his attention that now, right where death and destruction are heaviest, the Englishman can still enjoy a joke, even though some of his jokes sound terribly pointless to ears educated to the "North American" form of wit. The Passing Show, Low's Cartoon, The Back Page, all help to lighten the loaf and give it a distinctive SATURDAY NIGHT flavor which, very definitely, becomes a necessity.

Yours very truly,

Englehart, Ont. J. W. BRANDRETH

SATURDAY NIGHT

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←THE PICTURES OF THE WEEK

{From London}

Intensification of the air-raids on Britain has made the problem of obtaining sleep a vital one. These pictures tell how the problem should be tackled.

Sleep — why it's probably something one hardly ever thought about in peace-time.

All the old ideas about spending eight hours each night on a feather bed covered with a nice eiderdown, have received the k.o. blow.

According to a Russian specialist we could add ten years to our lives by the simple process of substituting "cat naps" for the usual nightly spell in bed. Take every chance you get, then, of snatching these "odd naps", in the bus, tube or train. The great thing is to let yourself relax completely as often as you possibly can during the day.

But everyone should face up to the difficult question of sleeping in an air-raid shelter.

If you have not got a bed of some sort then some of the positions shown in the photographs will be useful to you.

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

one, but when it is over the future will probably appear much brighter than now seems possible. For one thing, we shall have scotched—the trust for all time—Hitlerism and associated evils. That is not merely a pious hope. Hitlerism must disappear because it is spiritually and economically impossible, the negation of Man's progress through the centuries. Then the victorious democracies will lead in the setting up of a new and better world order. The democracies will remain heavily armed and will give notice on the world of their intention to take united and immediate action against any future aggressors. Isolationism will be permanently out.

In the post-war world order, raw materials will be made available to every nation, international currency exchanges will be stabilized, tariffs will be revised, economic nationalism will be discouraged and discredited, and world trade will flourish as we have not seen it for decades. Does all this sound too visionary? There is no reason why it should; it will almost certainly happen. It will happen because the nations which will then control the world will know that it must happen.

Strange as it seems, Canada will quite possibly be enriched by the war rather than ruined by it. That is, the consequences of the war will, over a period of time, bring her more wealth than the war has cost her. The drawing together of Britain and the United States will bring Canada much closer to both; new capital and population will come here, new industries will rise, new resources will be developed. Again, this is not fanciful; it will almost assuredly occur.

Of what, then, are the doubters afraid? Of the future? They need not be; that will take care of itself, if the needs of the present are taken care of. The only matter to be concerned about is the task to our hands, that of winning the war as speedily as possible.

Viceroy and Alderman

THERE is discussion in Winnipeg as to whether the wife of the new Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba can constitutionally and with propriety continue to be what she has been for many years, an extremely useful alderman of the city of Winnipeg. We shall be profoundly disappointed if the answer to this question should be anything but a flat and final assertion that she can and should so continue. A good alderman is far too valuable to be lost merely for the sake of obtaining a good Lieutenant-Governor's consort and chatelaine. It is our very strong feeling that even a Lieutenant-Governor, to say nothing of his wife, who is not herself, like the wife of the Governor-General, invested with a personal share of the viceregal dignity, should be allowed to function as an ordinary citizen when not performing the business of the state. In other words we feel that Alderman Margaret McWilliams, when not accompanied by the Hon. Mr. McWilliams in his official capacity, should be free to function as an ordinary citizen of Winnipeg, even to the length of attending meetings of the City Council and participating in what we trust are the always orderly proceedings of that body.

It may not be universally known even in Manitoba that the new Lieutenant-Governor was some years ago the author of a book with the prescient title "If I Were King of Canada." Mr. McWilliams is now a sort of vice-king of Manitoba, but the powers of his office are highly circumscribed (did not our own Mr. Hepburn regard them as so negligible that the office ought to be abolished out of hand?) and we doubt whether he will be able to carry out many of the admirable but difficult proposals which he advanced in that volume for the solution of our economic and educational difficulties. The appointment is one more example of the growing tendency to confer the viceregal office on men who have devoted much of their lives to the study of Canada's more serious problems.

Japanese Aims

WASHINGTON advices report that the Japanese believe that Hitler will win the war. The Japanese are not necessarily right even if they do; but the Washington advices are not necessarily right in thinking that they do. The Japanese are bound to hope that Hitler will win, because if the democracies win the Japanese adventure in China will be promptly stopped and will have to be written off as a total loss. It is obviously far better for the rul-

ing clique to go in with Hitler, even with a risk of his being defeated, and to be able to blame their loss of China entirely on his defeat, than to stay quiet and have to blame it on their own bad judgment.

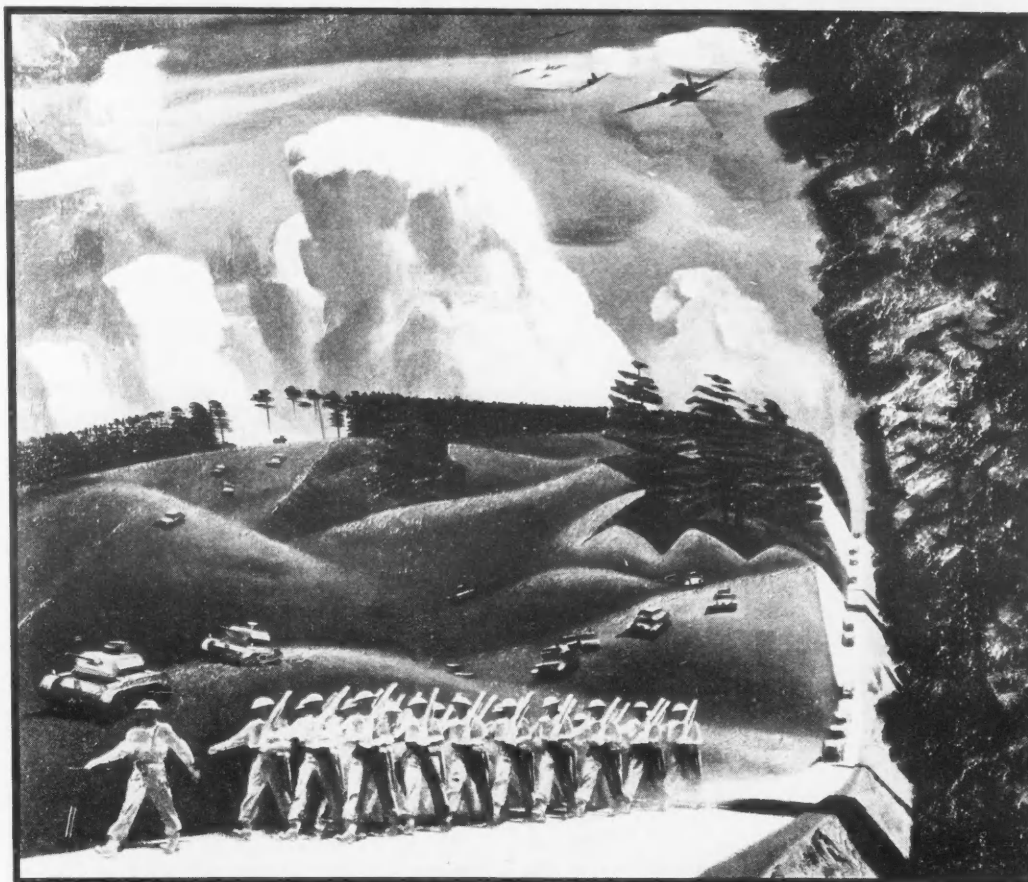
The progress of the Japanese in China is almost entirely the result of the lack of co-operation in foreign policy between the great European democracies and the United States. The Americans, who have been very slow to realize the dangers of Great Britain's position in Europe and the Near East, have until recently been unwilling to admit the obvious truth that any joint policy of Great Britain and the United States in the Far East would have to be underwritten mainly by American naval power. The misunderstanding about the Stimson note we have always believed to be mainly due to the lack of assurance that the proposed policy would actually be thus underwritten. But this situation has been, or is in process of being, completely rectified, and Japan is confronted with what is morally nothing short of a defensive alliance of the English-speaking democracies, the implications of which extend very fully to the protection of democratic interests in China. The Japanese are enemies of this alliance *de facto*, and might just as well become enemies *de jure*. They can do so to a large extent without resorting to the final method of declared war, for the American example has provided many "measures short of war" which are of great value to the nation benefitted. Nobody could complain much if German merchantmen now sheltering in Japanese harbors were refitted as raiders, and German submarines were provided with supplies so long as they can "come and get them."

Spain, which is regarded by some American authorities as in a similar position, is really in a very different one. Japan would lose no more by a German defeat if she joins Germany than if she does not. She cannot join the other side, and she has little inducement to stay neutral. Spain would have to be absolutely certain of an Axis victory before joining, for if the Axis fails and Spain has sided with them she is ruined for generations to come. She is unquestionably under very strong pressure, and she must be putting up very strong resistance, but she has every reason for resisting until the Battle of Britain is decided.

Hearings in Court

CANADIANS can hardly have failed to notice that the hearing of charges under the Defence of Canada Regulations in open court, especially in the larger centres where the press is adequately represented, imports a vastly more reasonable atmosphere into the public discussion of such cases than is possible when proceedings are taken under the Star Chamber method of an order by the Minister of Justice. We are not suggesting that all cases can be so treated, but we do urge very strongly that whenever a case can be prosecuted in open court without prejudice to the safety of the state it should be so conducted. The *Globe and Mail* would have no cause for concern over the case of James Franceschini if it had been dealt with by a court, for its objection is simply to the method by which Signor Franceschini was removed from circulation. Public unease would probably be materially lessened if some of the persons now held under the Minister's order could be released from that custody and handed over to the courts for a public hearing of the charges against them.

The public's uneasiness is due entirely to its feeling that it has no idea, and that practically



"ONTARIO SUMMER, 1940", from a painting by Charles Comfort in the current show of the Royal Academy of Arts at the Art Gallery of Toronto.

nobody except the Minister of Justice's police has any idea, of what is going on. It is just as disturbed about the thought that people who ought to be interned are allowed out, as it is about the thought that people who ought to be allowed out are being interned. Parliament, the sole piece of machinery through which the public can secure the slightest knowledge of what is going on, or the slightest assurance that anybody outside of the Department of Justice has any knowledge, has been hung up until mid-January, and in the present disposition of the Government nobody knows whether it will actually be allowed to sit then, or will do anything if it does sit. The maintenance of the fullest possible measure of publicity and ordinary legal precaution in the dealing of the police with persons even of enemy race (if they have been long enough in this country to suggest that they are not likely to be deeply infected with enemy virus) seems to us to be indicated as a wise policy for the maintenance of public morale and confidence.

Few things are more demoralizing in a democracy than fear that the government may be putting something over on the plain citizens about which they know nothing and which may vitally affect their lives and liberties.

The Proms Are Over

THERE is always a feeling as of a family breaking up and the children going out into the cold world when the Promenade Concerts which have become a main feature of Toronto's summer life come to an end. There was more than usual of this feeling last week, for in the emotional stress of the times the members of this audience seem to have been drawn closer together. The work of the orchestra has definitely improved, and its capabilities are probably quite as great now as the character of the auditorium and of the audience (which is quite properly a popular one with a heavy majority of young people) will warrant, and certainly greater than the

prices charged for admission would suggest. If at times performance falls short of capabilities the reason is to be found in the limitations on time available for rehearsal, and that is a matter which cannot be remedied by anything short of a rather substantial endowment or subsidy.

As it is, the orchestra receives a moderate subsidy as a result of the highly praiseworthy efforts of a committee of ladies who raise a fund at the beginning of each season. Criticism is occasionally heard of the large sums expended for visiting solo artists; but in our opinion this criticism is entirely unfounded. The primary object of the entire policy of the Proms is to fill as completely as possible the potential 7,000 capacity (including cushions on the floor) of the Varsity Arena, in order that the greatest number of people may be given the benefit of hearing some good orchestral music. The orchestral music alone will never fill it. Soloists without a substantial reputation will never fill it. The only thing that completely fills it is a soloist with a big radio following, and next to that comes a soloist with a world-wide concert-hall reputation. These are expensive, but they usually pay for themselves by attracting enough additional people to cover their fee. The orchestra may not be much ahead, and may even be a little behind; but two thousand more people may have heard it perform, and it is to achieve this end that the subscribers make their subscriptions. To put good orchestral music before two thousand more of our young Canadians is a public benefit of no mean value.

THE SCRAP-BOOK

FORTY years ago you pasted in this book These weekly verses written for the *Times*, And signed yourself "The Amateur" and "Vent du Nord" And sometimes "Skinny Bill".

The world appears to have been simpler then! Horse sense was the great virtue; a philosophy Sound as a winter-keeping apple. Unassuming as an old stitched quilt, The humour of the plain and solid citizen, His not ill-natured gibes against the powers—that-be,

Mixed with a little local gossip gleaned In Thompson's Flour and Feed, went over big.

If you should come back now you'd find Your old newspaper smartened up Beyond your most ambitious youthful dreams, Degrees of progress have re-made the town; They've neon lights and paving; window displays

On Sundays; and the Parkers' stately house Becomes in its declining years a club. But if you follow out along the Bay that road The farmers used once, driving in from Keppel, You'd stop before a mid-Victorian cream brick With fret-work curlicues, and stand beneath the maples

Remembering those distant gallant days Of "Vent du Nord", "The Amateur", and "Skinny Bill".

LENORE A. PRATT.

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A Big Business That Is Run By Boys For Boys

BY JEROME BEATTY

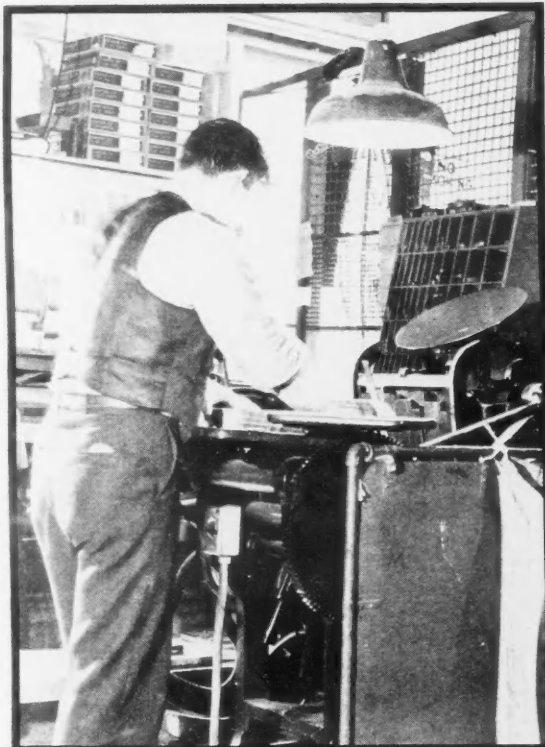
(Photographs by "Jay")



FRANK LUCAS AND H. E. GREEN THE ACCOUNTANT



A TENSE MOMENT AT A MEET HELD AT ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO



THIS IS THE DEPARTMENT WHERE ALL PRINTING IS DONE



YOUNG DENNIS O'BRIEN IN THE DOPE ROOM



THOMAS BATCHELOR THE DRAUGHTSMAN



DOWN IN THE SAW-MILL WHERE THE ROUGH WOOD IS CUT READY FOR ASSEMBLING



R. T. SMITH, THE FACTORY SUPT., EXAMINES A NEW MODEL

FRANK LUCAS'S factory in Toronto, which this year will make more than 1,500,000 model airplane kits, is a big business run by boys for boys. Average age of the 40 employees is 19. Frank started his Ontario Model Aircraft Company when he was 18, and as the business grew he hired only boys who liked to build and fly model planes. Established Canadian toy makers have failed miserably as competitors because they think as middle-aged men and their models lack the elusive youth appeal achieved by the youngsters.

In 11 years of steady growth Lucas never has had a serious rival in the British Empire, and he would give American manufacturers many sleepless nights were it not for their protective tariff. His agents are found as far away as London, Singapore and Durban, South Africa. Hundreds of thousands of boys—and not a few girls and grown-ups—breathlessly pursue his planes, some propelled by twisted rubber bands, some by midwest gasoline motors. Local and national contests produce proud champions whose names, to boys from Kamloops to Miami, rival those of the Wright brothers.

THE youthful factory force is a sure-fire testing ground. When Will Rogers and Wiley Post were killed in an airplane crash in Alaska, five years ago, the boys went into a huddle and decided that they should get out a model of that plane. In three days the factory was shipping kits. Other makers said Frank was crazy. Dealers stocked the model sparingly, sure that kids would want nothing to remind them of the tragedy. Yet more than 20,000 youngsters paid 50 cents for a kit and built a miniature of the plane in which their heroes had died.

"How did you happen to guess that?" I asked.

Frank shrugged his shoulders. "We just figured that we'd like to have one," he said.

Before England went to war, Frank had a few slow-selling models of German planes. When the Germans bombed Poland he set the factory to work on Messerschmitts bearing a big Nazi emblem. "They'll be our best seller," he predicted.

Again dealers disagreed. "Boys won't touch 'em. It's unpatriotic."

"Listen," Frank told them. "The boys at the factory are putting on airplane fights and busting up the German planes as fast as they can make them." He was right.

Frank quit school at 14 to help support the family. When he was 18 a friend mentioned that he'd like to build a model plane, but couldn't get balsa wood, the lighter-than-cork material used for models, or banana oil, which makes paper stick to wood. Frank knew where to get balsa, for he worked for a lumber broker. He bought 60 cents' worth and cut it into sheets with a saw, and \$5 worth of banana oil which he bottled, and then sold his stock for a profit of \$6.35.

THE model airplane craze zoomed through Toronto, and Frank became a main source of supply. In two months, working evenings, he made \$204.35. He also produced complete kits including directions, sandpaper, rubber bands and cement—and sold them for 50 cents as fast as he could turn them out. The bottle-neck in his one-boy factory was the liquid cement, which he bought in steel drums, the stuff flowing so slowly that it took all evening to fill 100 bottles.

Seeking a wholesale outlet for his kits he took one to the toy buyer for Canada's biggest department store, who was rather startled when the President of the Ontario Model Aircraft Company turned out to be about the age of a college freshman. Frank launched into his carefully prepared sales talk, shooting for an order of 50.

"All right," said the buyer, "I'll try 500."

(Continued on Page 17)

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The Prospects For Liberty

BY WARWICK CHIPMAN

WE ARE fighting the battle for liberty. As we do so let us remember that we are challenging two immense misconceptions.

The first of them is this: that our liberties can be safeguarded by a defensive reliance upon our institutions, and a refusal to accept common responsibilities, rather than by an unsleeping readiness and resolution to face the world we live in. Liberty cannot trust in or wait behind any Maginot Line.

And the second misconception, equally invalid in a growing world, is that liberty can be the isolated possession of any people. It must be enjoyed in common by all the members of a civilization or it cannot be enjoyed adequately by any. It demands a common alertness and sacrifice not only by us but by our neighbors, indeed a common policy, if we or our neighbors are to have it. Here again a Maginot Line with a neutral at each end is a gift to the enemies of liberty.

What Canada said a year ago, what Canada says today, is surely this: We are not merely Canadians. We are part of a World in agony; and there is no Charter of Canadian liberties, there is no charter of any man's liberties anywhere in the world, except in what we, and all who love liberty, will resolve, and do, and give together, to deserve it and to serve it now.

We have given ourselves to a cause. That cause has become more imperious as the odds that we face seem more heavy against us. Let us look at that cause, let us weigh the odds; for the two are really inseparable.

The War in Heaven

Our cause does not depend upon or change with, the particular nations who carry on the fight at our side. It is bigger than those who took it up. It has not become smaller because France is no longer with us. It is not national, or racial, or imperial, except for the enemy. There is war on earth because there is war in heaven. Michael and his angels fight against the dragon. There is fundamental, inevitable war between the things that make and the things that destroy, war in the body of this civilization by an obscene cancer corrupting every tissue around it, and menacing the whole law of health and growth. This did not begin in September, 1939. For years we have been crying peace when there was no peace. Now it is war itself that we are fighting; and if there still be any who continue to say that war settles nothing, let them try to imagine the things that will be settled if the enemy wins this war. Faith, hope, and charity, will be settled; liberty, decency, trust, and honor, will be settled. The civilization that after centuries of turmoil began to see its unity and to share it, will be settled. And the only unity possible for it, if it survives at all, will be the unity of a despairing serfdom, masking an immense disintegration.

It is because of that that we must fight these forces to a finish even if we were told by all the prophets that we could not win. And it is because we are at last fighting them, with all the power that we can summon, that we must and shall win.

Fooled with Phrases

I do not say this in any spirit of specious phrase-making. I trust we have come to an end of fooling ourselves with phrases. We must be candid with ourselves before we can see what is left for courage and comfort. Certainly a good cause can go down to defeat. It can be woefully jeopardized by our weakness, our lack of foresight and imagination and faith, our failure to see and to assert a common duty, our lack of boldness to conceive and to execute the means to common action, our meeting of actions by attitudes, our acceptance of a stagnant attitude of waiting and of negative defence, leaving all the initiative to an enemy of superlative ingenuity.

And certainly the record of even the best intentioned nations in the last ten years has been appalling in its ineptitude. When one thinks of the

Mr. Warwick Chipman, K.C., is not only one of Montreal's leading lawyers and the chairman of the National Executive of the League of Nations Society in Canada, but he is also one of Canada's most epigrammatic poets. One of his sonnets appeared in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. His talent for epigram is well exemplified in this article in explanation of the principles for which the League of Nations Society must stand in these days when the actual League itself is very much in eclipse, as for example: "A Maginot Line with a neutral at each end is a gift to the enemies of liberty."

power and the resources for peace and ordered liberty that we had and frittered away, it is staggering. Others have paid the price already; we are paying it now; for more than German wickedness brought it about that the tanks which ruined France were tanks made in the Skoda works of what was once Czechoslovakia, and that these tanks rolled into France through the territory and because of the neutrality of two countries which were solemnly bound to help us against aggression, and which instead of giving that help, and too late, and to our cost, called upon us to help them.

Past Weaknesses

But we can acknowledge all that past weakness in the forces of decency; we can admit that an evil enemy and his inglorious lackey have taken full advantage of it, and are for the moment glutted with triumph; and yet we can believe in victory. For our chief enemy, with all his brilliance, represents a cause that must fail if we stand up to him. He campaigns against the common interest of all men, against every instinct of humanity, against the whole strategy of life itself. His strength lies in fraud and hatred, and most mortal of all human powers, because the most inhuman. And his very successes are only filling him with sullen volcanoes of revolution.

All that he attacks, we defend. We came into the war because a world of aggression is an intolerable, impossible world, because the only basis of a civilized community is the protection of all its parts from lawlessness and violence. We came in because at last we accepted with all its consequences the principle that the cause of one is the cause of all. There was no use contemplating an abstract civilization when all the conditions of this one were being violated. The risk and the interest were universal. In soberest truth where one was attacked all were attacked. So we came in on the only and inescapable basis of Christian civilization, national or international, that each is his brother's keeper and debtor.

The Cause of All

In truth we represent the interest and the cause of all men; and this we can say, with the whole of human experience behind us, that the cause of all men never yet went down when such power as we still have was used with faith, with constancy, with devotion, with imagination, and with boldness. That those qualities are now in command from the centre, as they must be, every day makes more abundantly clear.

The British Empire still has a service to render to this world, and it is proud to render it. And we are not weak. Never was Britain more worthy of its traditions and of our love than it is this day. Never was it better led than it now is by Mr. Churchill and those who have joined themselves with him. And all the members of the Empire have leaders of unhesitating courage, fidelity, and doggedness. A new unity is declaring itself, to be expressed soon, I hope, through a common council of planning and decision. If our leaders say they will stand, they will stand; and we ask of them nothing better than that having said it they

demand of us everything, and bring into play at their utmost strength for the battle of liberty those five qualities of which I have spoken, faith, constancy, devotion, imagination, boldness.

There have been worse odds in the past in a similar fight. If we in the past ten months have been steeped in misfortune and ill news, think of the position of our Empire more than a century ago. You can see it reflected in the sonnets of Wordsworth, particularly in that sonnet of 1806 beginning

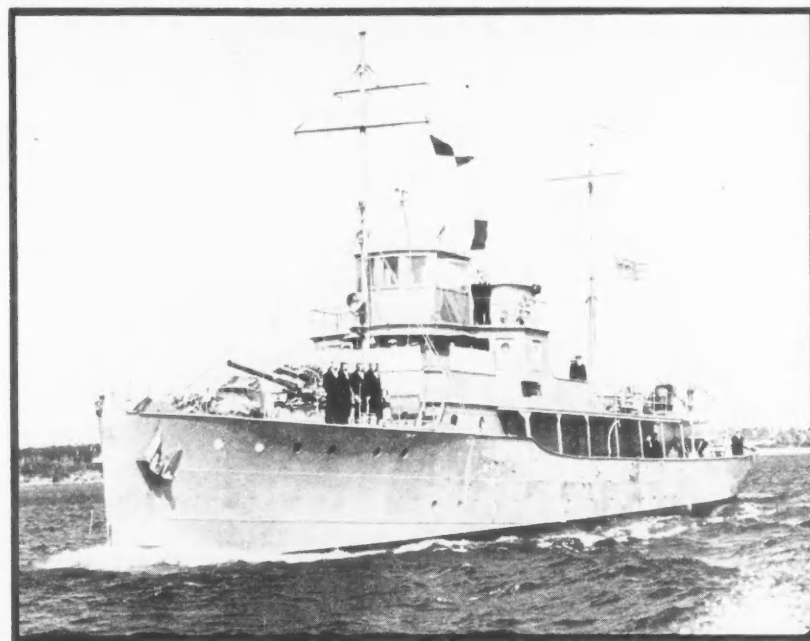
"Another year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left,
alone

The last that dare to struggle with
the foe."

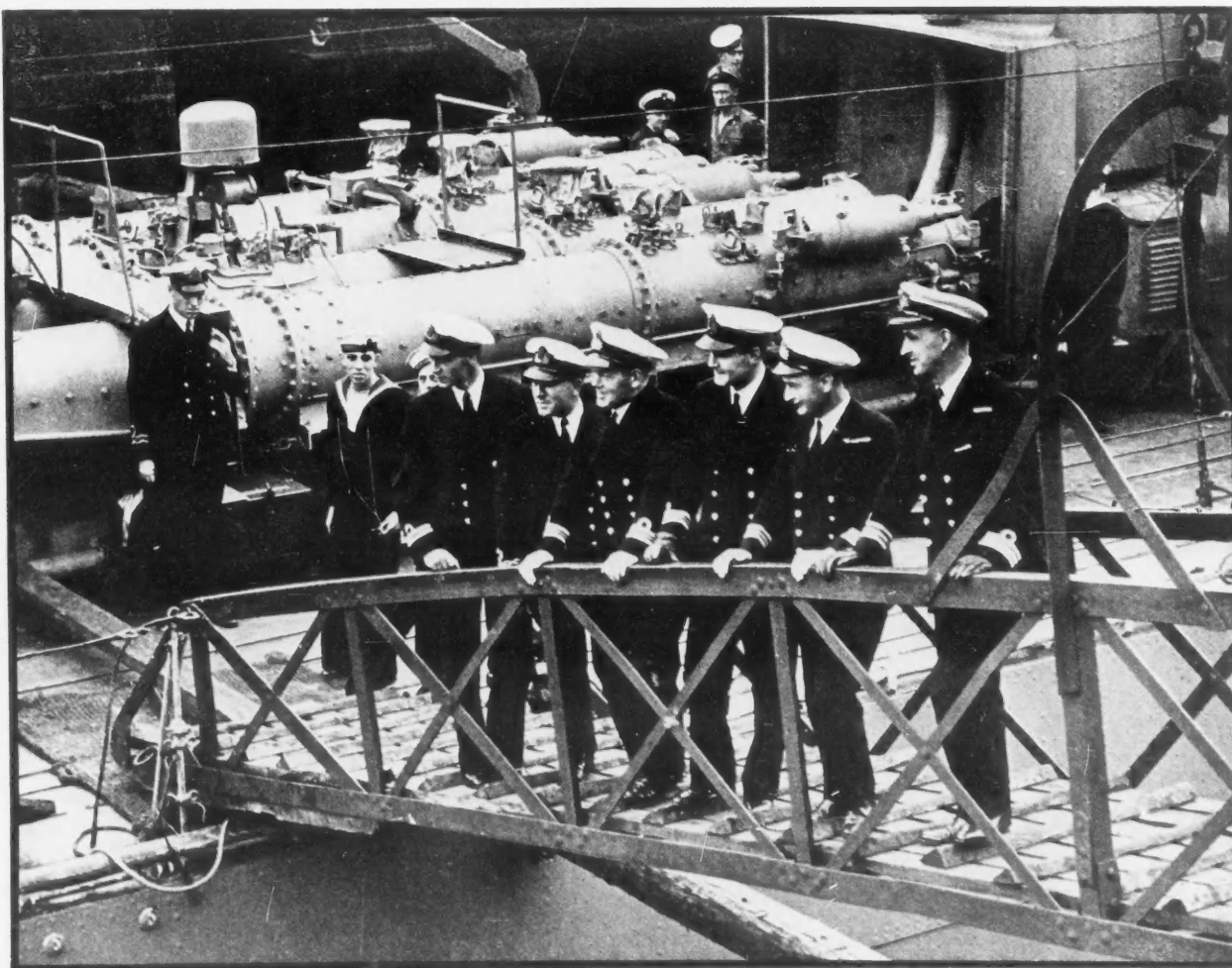
The deadly year of 1806 was followed by deadlier years for Europe, and for England, playing then too the noble role she is playing now. And instead of an external brotherhood on all the continents to help her, her first offspring had left her, and was later to be at war with her in the thick of her other troubles. If today, besides what we must cope with in Europe and Africa, there are well-timed menaces in the Far East, there are also forces on our side that were not dreamed of in the days of Pitt. Outside the Empire other vast resources are open to us. Perhaps more than resources, for a great country equally dedicated to liberty and equally led by a man of rare courage and vision, is learning as we learned the bitter logic of isolation. Its people are of the same make as we. They cannot remain forever patient and passive when the greatest cause in the world is fighting for its existence.

At the core of our effort, cruel as the trial of Britain may be, and prolific in evil invention as may be the enemy, the latter has a harder task in front of him than he has ever had. The Channel is not a concrete road. The British Fleet is what it always was. If the enemy air force is still stronger than ours, and has had new accessions, yet we shall be answering it under our own conditions. And behind all are indomitable men.

By our past, by our present, by our future we can have faith in the victory of our cause.



A number of luxurious privately-owned yachts have been taken over by the Royal Canadian Navy and reconstructed and converted at considerable cost in order to fit them for anti-submarine patrol on Canada's coasts. The boats shown above are two of the converts. At the top is H.M.C.S. Reindeer. In the lower picture is H.M.C.S. Husky. Drudge work will now be their lot.



Most important of the recent additions to the Royal Canadian Navy were six reconditioned American destroyers. Here, from left to right, are the six Canadian officers who will take command of the craft: Lieut. M. A. Medland of the St. Croix, Lieut.-Commander D. C. Wallace of the St. Clair, Lieut.-Commander H. F. Pullen of the St. Francis, Lieut.-Commander E. L. Armstrong of the Niagara, Lieut.-Commander S. W. Davis of the Columbia, and Commander H. Kingsley of the Annapolis. Delivery of these Great War destroyers was made at an Eastern Canadian port.

Autumn in New York

The Camera Views Fashion Against Familiar Manhattan Backgrounds



FEW Canadians visit New York now, so the fashion photographer takes us on a vicarious jaunt through scenes familiar to all who have visited there in the passportless days of unrestricted travel. (Left, above)—Out for a walk by the Morgan Library steps this natural color, long-torso jacket suit. Small brown buttons and big pockets are its only trimming. . . . (Right)—Antique hunting on Third Avenue in a gray corduroy-knit suit of wool. . . . (Left, below)—Off for the afternoon in a featherweight angora knit ensemble. Braid sprawls in charming scroll designs over the front of the fitted peplum jacket and bodice of the one piece dress. . . . (Right)—Marketing on Sixth Avenue in a two piece woolknit dress of forest green with overlaid in red saddle stitching. Photographs courtesy the Bureau of Fashion Trends.



Fishing for Fame and Fortune on Pacific Coast

FISHING has become a competitive sport on the Pacific Coast. There are thousands of enthusiasts taking part in "Salmon Derby" events all the way from Alaska to California, with the most spectacular contests being staged in British Columbia and Washington. Salmon Derby Day is practically a civic holiday in Seattle, and mighty little attention is paid to business in the smaller communities when the qualifying contestants are out on the water trying to land a big one in the closing hours of the competition.

Salmon Derbies are long-drawn-out affairs. The rules vary according to local conditions, but in the more important events there are three or four qualifying periods of two to four weeks' duration, beginning about the middle of June and lasting until the end of September. The fifty largest salmon caught during the earlier periods, and the hundred largest during the final period, qualify for the Derby proper, which is held in the last week in September or the first week in October.

The Vancouver *Daily Province* sponsors a Salmon Derby on Howe Sound, for which prize money totaling \$750 is paid out. The Vancouver *Sun* has its own Derby with a \$500 prize bait. Port Alberni, a small town on the west coast of Vancouver Island, has raised \$250 for its competition. There are similar contests at Nanaimo, Victoria, North Vancouver, and dozens of smaller places up the coast.

There are strict rules regarding tackle. Power boats may be used during the qualifying rounds, but on Derby Day only rowboats are allowed, and the man who pulls the oars must not help with the fishing. The catch is weighed by an appointed official immediately on landing, and there is no chance of any hanky-panky business such as loading a big fellow with half a pound of buckshot.

Girl Wins First Round

Though most of the contestants are men, it was a bit of a blonde girl who won the first qualifying round of the Province Salmon Derby. She landed a 27-pounder at Horseshoe Bay just as she was preparing to quit after fishing all day without a bite. It took her forty-five minutes to land her catch, which was six ounces heavier than that of her nearest competitor. Her prize money was \$25, and she's in line for the grand prize of \$250 for the largest salmon caught on Derby Day. Other prizes are \$100, \$75, \$50, and \$25, with an additional prize of \$100 for the woman with the biggest fish.

What is considered the best salmon fishing in the world is to be found at Campbell River, on Vancouver Island, where the buttons of the Tyee Club are awarded to the sportsmen who are lucky enough to catch a fish big enough to qualify. Tyee salmon weighing as much as 85 pounds have been caught at Campbell River, and 30-pound fish are too common to excite comment. Fishermen come from the far ends of the earth to pit their skill against the tyees of Campbell River, and they invariably get their money's worth.

Tyee Club buttons are awarded on a basis of weight of fish as follows:

Bronze button, 30 to 40 pounds; silver button, 40 to 50 pounds; gold button, 50 to 60 pounds; diamond button, over 60 pounds.

The fisherman who takes the largest fish of the year receives the Tyee Button, and the official title "Tyee Man", and very proud he is of it, too.

Mayor of Dead City

For twenty years the mouldering city hall of the ghost town of Phoenix has been the home of Adolph Forpaw, self-styled mayor without constituents in what was once a thriving city of 3000 inhabitants. Adolph, now 77 years old, has never felt lonesome in his hermitage, for many tourists still pass through the abandoned town and make it a

point to pay their respects to the mayor, who always finds time to entertain them and talk of the days when Phoenix was the famous Granby copper mining camp.

Pickings in the pay dirt of Phoenix have not been profitable enough for the mayor to receive visitors in a style befitting his dignity, but Adolph now has hopes that he will be able to stage a celebration that will eclipse anything seen there in the

BY P. W. LUCE

forty years of his residence. He has learned that the last of his three brothers, of whom he had not heard since 1930, has died and left him a sizeable fortune in Belgium.

The difficulty about translating this fortune into a grand celebration in Phoenix is that the Germans are in possession of Belgium, and until they are driven out Adolph Forpaw's

assets must remain frozen in the land of his birth.

Fanciers recognize over two hundred different breeds of dogs, but there is one which seems to have escaped their notice. This is the Tahltan, an animal not unlike a fox terrier in size and general appearance, but with marked individual characteristics. Its tail terminates in a brush. Its face, pointed feet, and small toes are suggestive of the fox,

with which it was probably interbred in remote times. These dogs were used by Indians as bear fighters before the white men came, and they are so courageous they have been known to attack full-grown grizzlies.

There are still a few packs of Tahltans in the Cassiar country of northern British Columbia, but their purity is threatened by the introduction of dogs by trappers and home-

(Continued on Next Page)



2. HOW CAN I GIVE DAVEY MORE MILK?



3. WHAT'S A GOOD WAY TO START DINNER ON SUNDAY?



1. HOW CAN I STRETCH OUT SUPPER FOR TWO EXTRA?



4. WHAT CAN I SERVE TONIGHT THAT RALPH WILL BE SURE TO LIKE?



5. WHAT SHALL I SERVE WHEN THE GIRLS COME FOR LUNCH?



6. HOW CAN I MAKE THESE LEFTOVERS INTERESTING?

...one answer!
Campbell's
Tomato Soup

The soup people serve, enjoy, and talk about more than any other!



Campbell's tomatoes,
The pick of the patch,
Make a soup that's so good
It's a hard one to match!



MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Fishing For Fame

(Continued from Preceding Page)

steads. In an endeavor to perpetuate the breed, T. W. S. Parsons, commissioner of provincial police, of Victoria, has secured a male and a female after considerable trouble, and is keeping them isolated from other canines. The pair has attracted a good deal of attention from dog fanciers.

In years gone by British Columbia had a breed of dogs which grew wool instead of hair. There were packs of

these in every Indian village, and the squaws clipped the animals at regular intervals and worked the wool into blankets. For some reason, these dogs were invariably savage towards white men, and so they were gradually exterminated, the last one dying in Nanaimo about thirty years ago.

Once in a while there is a rumor of a surviving pack on an uninhabited and unnamed island off the west coast of Vancouver Island, but

white men who have gone out to look for these have failed to find any trace of them.

Ten million pounds of honey will be exported from Canada to Great Britain this year, but British Columbia will not be contributing as much as she ought to this sweet shipment, considering the botanical and climatic advantages of the province. Indications are that the honey crop will not be more than 1,750,000 pounds, most of it from the Fraser Valley, Vancouver Island, and the Okanagan.

A large number of bee-keepers have only a few hives, but there are others who are in the honey business

on such a large scale that they have to pasture their bees in much the same manner as a stockman pastures his cattle. The range of a bee in quest of nectar is limited to two or three miles, and a given field is soon exhausted when millions of bees range over it from morning to night.

When this happens, the bee-keeper loads his hives on a truck and moves his colonies to a new location where supplies are abundant. Sometimes he pays rent for the ground over which his stock roams so as to have the exclusive right to this district. The bees never have the slightest difficulty in finding their hives at

night, and they are not disturbed by being carried over rough roads from pasture to pasture.

Hop-Pickers Get Busy

Canada's most picturesque harvest has once again drawn five thousand seasonal workers to the hop fields of Sardis, Kent, Agassiz, and Chilliwack, in the Fraser Valley. The pungent odor of the ripe cones is noticeable for miles along the Cariboo Highway, and by the time the vines are stripped probably 250,000 pounds of dried hops will have been pressed and be ready for shipment to England, where they are blended with Kentish hops. The value may run to \$75,000.

The pickers come from all parts of the province. They form a polyglot group. White unemployed from the cities, Chinese, Japanese, negroes, Red Indians, Hindus, foreigners of all sorts, keeping together in families or little communities from dawn to dusk on a piece-work basis which

BUT THERE IS MORE

BUT there is more, O more
Than fraudulent rain
An alien wind and where

The frost assumes the hill
Surrender come:
O more, my heart, than fall

Of rain or summer done,
Or turn of leaf
Or year to sorrow on—

RALPH GUSTAFSON.

nets them \$1.75 a day for the most active adults, and fifty cents up for the children. Work begins at dawn and ends at dusk, with a few minutes snatched for lunch.

The hop blossoms are so light that it takes an expert ten hours to fill a hundred-pound box. Three-quarters of the weight is lost in the drying process.

During the four or five weeks the harvest lasts the pickers live in cottages or tents put up on the property by the management. In the Indian encampment Sunday is anything but a day of rest, for the red man looks upon hop-picking as a hiyu get-together of his fellows from all parts of the province. He sees to it that he has a good time, even if it means that he will get back home as poor as he left it.

Provincial police are on duty at the camp all through the season. They keep one eye on the Chinese to see that they don't peddle firewater to the Indians, and they keep the other eye on the Indians to see they don't buy firewater from the Chinese.

They ruefully admit they don't see everything that goes on.

PRESS COMMENT

(The Canadian Statesman, Bowmanville)

Last week SATURDAY NIGHT, the Canadian weekly so ably edited by B. K. Sandwell, blossomed forth in a new format. It now has a style all its own which in size is a cross between a newspaper and a tabloid. Don't know just how to describe it but down on the farm such an evolution would be called a hybrid. Whatever you may call the transformation it is a great improvement on a publication which was already recognized as excellent by its readers and by the journalistic profession.

Things we like about the new SATURDAY NIGHT are: The satirical vein of Editor Sandwell's entertaining and pungent editorials on The Front Page is as effervescent and dynamic as formerly; larger type face is easier to read; handy size of page; with exception of front page there are no carry-overs; paper is now stapled into one section; wide diversity of features attractively departmentalized; competent and brilliant staff of writers (Charlesworth, Richards, Woodside, Sutton, Ross and others) who keep you well informed on important affairs of the moment; editorial and mechanical departments have combined to make a publication which Canadians may read with confidence and satisfaction.



"Breakfast's Ready!"

It's a pleasure to prepare breakfast or any meal in a kitchen like this, bright, cheerful, spotlessly clean and so kind to the feet.

Floor: Marbleum pattern M/63 with border of M/48 and inlaid with Ivory, Yellow and Orange Dominion Battleship Linoleum. Cabinet and sink tops: Blue Dominion Battleship Linoleum. Walls: Muroleum pattern 801.

MARBOLEUM FLOORS AND MUROLEUM WALLS ...make this a kitchen to really LIVE in!

ANY husband who really wants to please his wife should think of her kitchen hours. Make them *shorter* and *more enjoyable*. Give her a room such as this, a room that *sings* with colour and offers every comfort and convenience. Its basis, of course, is Marbleum on the floor and for table-tops and sink-back, with clean, washable Muroleum on the walls. It's the kind of kitchen she's dreamed about for years.

Landlords seeking tenants, contractors who build for sale, find the welcome words

"This is the house we'll take" come just that much easier where kitchens have the colour and character of Marbleum to attract the lady's eye.

Marbleum comes in a wide range of colours and effects to be laid with or without interlining and border. It is permanent, easy to clean, easy to maintain and costs much less than you imagine. Ask any architect or flooring contractor about it and about our 5-Year Guarantee; meanwhile, write for beautifully illustrated booklet.

The Key to the Tokio Pact

BY JACK ANDERS

ONLY a few weeks ago, it will be recalled, Prince Konoye, Japan's Prime Minister, announced that the Fascist system of government was not suited to Japan and would not be adopted by that country. There are those who maintain that Prince Konoye hates both Nazism and the Nazis, but uses them when he thinks it will be helpful to his country to do so. It is a theory which deserves to be taken into consideration in any examination of the circumstances surrounding the Berlin-Rome-Tokio Pact.

The all-important element in those circumstances is the fact that every day that the Chinese War continues makes Japan weaker, and that the nation in face of whom that weakness is a serious matter is Russia.

Japan needs support in case Russia attacks her. She has little hope of such support from the democratic powers. She has much hope from Germany. As a price for the promise of such support from Germany she is willing to make large promises of what she will do for Germany in return. She is now promising to assist Germany if the United States goes to war against the Nazis. It is all perfectly natural and comprehensible, if one leaves out of account the question of the practical form which these respective assistances are to take.

THE agreement does not necessarily mean that either power is bound to go to war to assist the other, even in the event of the other finding itself in need of assistance. In these days a lot can be done by means of "measures short of war." Whether Japan will go to war against the United States if the United States goes to war against Germany is not at all certain; it depends on whether Germany also goes to war against Russia. And whether Germany will go to war against Russia merely because Russia goes to war against Japan is equally uncertain; it depends on whether Japan goes to war also.

against the United States. These reservations are probably quite clearly present in the mind of each government. It cannot even be said that either government is deceiving the other, for each has probably just as clear an idea of the reservations in the other's mind as of those in its own.

For light upon the Japanese position let us turn to an article given prominence in the German press this month, written by Dr. Hikomatsu Kamikawa, professor in the Imperial University at Tokio and an authority on Japan's foreign relations and the Pacific problem, and let us compare it with an essay he wrote, also for publication in Germany, a little over three years ago. The comparison reflects the trend of Japanese policy and the changes that have been effected in it by the outbreak of the war.

The present article is concerned with the New World Order to be established by Hitler and Ribbentrop, and to consist of four great spheres: (1) the American Hemisphere; (2) the Russian Realm; (3) Greater East Asia; and (4) Greater Europe-Africa.

Of these Greater Europe-Africa are obviously to be under the domination of the Axis. Greater East Asia is to be under the domination of Japan, and is obviously to include China. There is no provision for the British Empire, and it is assumed that the British dependencies in Africa go to the Axis and those in the Far East, including Australia and New Zealand, to Japan.

NOW all this is very different from what Dr. Kamikawa was contemplating three years ago. There was no idea then of Japan automatically inheriting the control of China. There was then a Pacific problem, which was to be settled, if settled peacefully, by the states directly situated in the Pacific area, including among others Japan and the United States, but not including Britain and Russia because the basis of their existence lay elsewhere. Today the Pacific problem has been replaced by a Far Eastern problem, with the implication that the United States is also outside of the settlement, because it has no legitimate interests in the area involved. Three years ago Russia was, in Dr. Kamikawa's view, Japan's Enemy No. 1, and the United States was the chief friend and benefactor of the true interests of the Far East owing to its generosity and wisdom in withdrawing from the Philippines. Today there is no mention of Russia as a factor in the Far East at all, and the United States is treated by implication as an obstacle to the desired settlement, and it is frankly admitted that controversies might arise between Japan and the United States concerning some of the details of the New Order. In these controversies Dr. Kamikawa feels

that the United States, not being a Far Eastern power, would have no legitimate status.

Now if China is to form part of the Greater East Asia which is to be dominated by Japan, the inescapable consequence is that Russia must not only be helplessly wedged in between the German and the Japanese blocks, from the military point of view, but also, from the economic point of view, she must be doomed to impotence. There are for Russia only two possible attitudes toward such a situation. One of these is that Russia must look for help from sources opposed to the Berlin-Rome-Tokio block. The other is that Russia may allow herself to be convinced that Japan is not really aiming at a complete control of China, and may enter into negotiations for a partition of China between Japan and Russia.

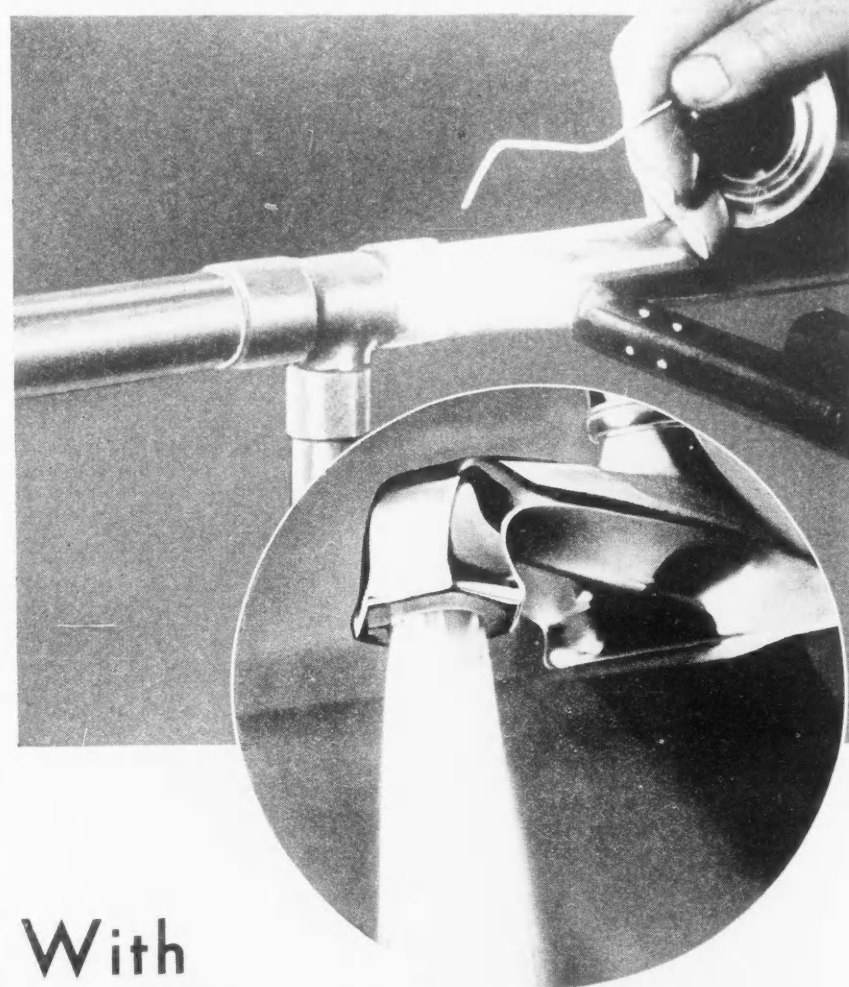
If Russia could be appeased by this device for the time being, it would be possible for Germany and Japan to relieve themselves of the necessity to fight simultaneously against Russia and the United States in addition to the British Empire.

That such an appeasement policy is being attempted seems to be assured by the frantic activity of German and Japanese diplomacy in Moscow. But Russia must be intensely reluctant to accept such a settlement, because it is obvious that if Germany and Japan win the war the settlement could not endure; Russia would be compelled either to give up what-ever she may acquire now, or to fight single-handed against the victors in order to retain it.

IT SEEMS important that the English-speaking democracies in this situation should not be too greatly influenced by the character of the Russian regime. That regime may be all that has been charged against it. It may be the enemy of the established order in the democratic countries. It may be a tyranny of the most Oriental sort. But if its interests, in this crucial hour, are parallel with the interests of the democracies, it will be the height of folly to refuse its co-operation.

Russia is the natural enemy of Germany and Japan. The interests of those two nations, especially now that they are acting in concert, are hostile to all Russia's natural ambitions, as well as to the security of the democracies and the continuance of the kind of world in which the democracies can flourish. There is no alliance more secure than that which is based on a strong community of interests. The democracies allowed Russia to be made their enemy at a critical tide in their fortunes, not so much because of their different ideologies as because of their unpreparedness to be of any immediate assistance to Russia if she came in on their side. Now that they are better prepared and the position of Russia is considerably more critical, the situation is entirely altered. It is for the democracies to take advantage of the alteration.

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• You pay but very little more for an installation of non-rust Anaconda Copper Tubes and solder fittings than you would for piping of rustable material. And here is what this modern, low cost water pipe will mean to you:

1. Anaconda Copper Tubes, assembled with solder fittings, cost scarcely more than piping that rusts.
2. Copper Tubes eliminate rust, the principal cause of plumbing trouble.
3. Copper Tubes last longer . . . they look better. They give the most economical service of any material you can use.

Why install piping that rusts and wastes money . . . when you can save money with Anaconda Copper Tubes? Consult your plumbing contractor! His expert workmen know how to install copper tubes

and solder fittings to give you the best value.

P.S. Why not make your plumbing completely rustproof by installing a hot water storage tank of Everdur, Anaconda's rustless, high-strength metal? Hooked up with plumbing lines of Anaconda Copper Tubes, it gives you absolute freedom from rust.

NOTICE: If you are taking advantage of the Home Improvement Plan to modernize your home, insist on durable materials. Metals that do not rust will give years of cost-free service.

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Copper and Brass



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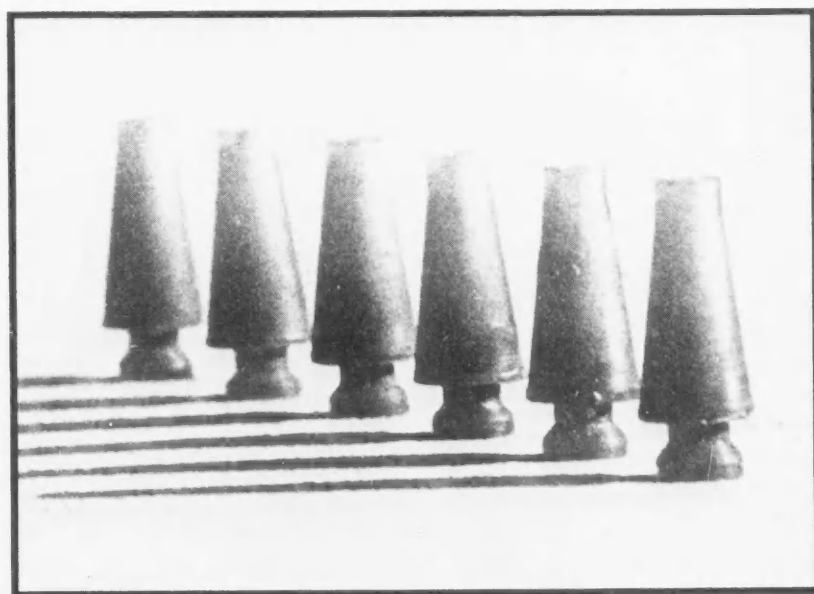
THE FRONT PAGE

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gayety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude

THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

IT IS EASIER
TO PLAN FOR
TO-DAY WHEN
YOU HAVE
PLANNED FOR
TOMORROW



TO DROWN OUT THE ROAR OF NAZI BOMBS and anti-aircraft fire, the British Government is issuing to the public 50 million ear plugs (see above) free. They are made of rubber. Additional pairs for forgetful people will cost two pence.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Canada's Soldiers and the "Guilty Men"

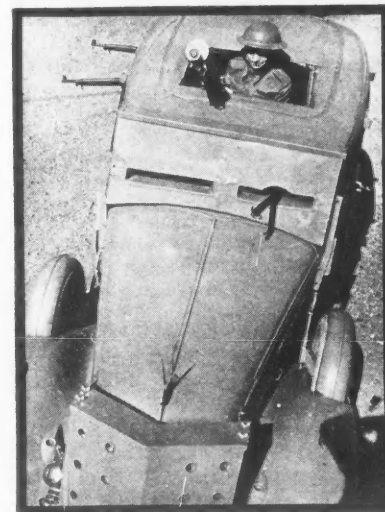
AT THE Empire Club last week I heard Brigadier Haldenby tell, much as if he were narrating the events of a rather specially interesting football game, the story of the unimaginable adventures of that trainload of picked Canadian troops which, in the days immediately before Dunkirk, got sent up to what had been the French front line or near it, only to find that as soon as they reached their objective the railway line behind them was crossed by the advancing tank divisions of the Germans. Not a man of that detachment would have come out to freedom alive—though some might have survived as prisoners in Germany—but for the fact that the Germans, believing it impossible that any enemy troops could be up the line from where they crossed it, failed to blow it up or even to leave a guard party on it, so that the Canadians, having men among them who knew how to run trains, even French trains, managed to crawl back to an

BY B. K. SANDWELL

embarkation port just in time. As Brigadier Haldenby told it, it was a gay adventure, and it did so happen that nobody was killed or taken prisoner; but these men, the flower of Canada's overseas forces, were saved from certain death or capture only by the same inconceivable good fortune as allowed almost the whole of the British expeditionary force to get away safe and sound, by the skin of its teeth, from Dunkirk. Good fortune or the finger of God, whichever you like to call it. And that night I found myself reading a volume on the political operations at Westminster which led up to Dunkirk and to Brigadier Haldenby's withdrawal, and wondering whether any nation, or any empire, even the British Empire, has the right to put quite so much strain upon blind chance or the finger of God, as the case may be.

Canadians are not encouraged to read the volume in question—

"Guilty Men," by a very brilliant writer who signs himself "Cato," and whose identity has been guessed at, probably wrongly, by some American critics. Its importation is not prohibited, but the firm which owns the copyright in Canada does not import or print it, and persons desiring it must import individually from the United States. It is however quite lawful in Great Britain. It contains nothing that has not reached the knowledge of a good many Canadians, though in a less forcible form, from other sources, except perhaps the fact that after October, 1935—which is five years ago—the British Labor Party could no longer be held responsible for any failure of the British Government to provide adequate armaments. (The party's reversal of its 1933 pacifist decisions was mainly the work of Ernest Bevin, now Labor's chief man in the Cabinet.) But no previous writer has ever linked up into such a damning chain of evidence the long string of ex-



THIS ARMOURD CAR belongs to a famous preserving factory in Berkshire, England. The factory also has its own Home Guard and posts its own look-out. Precautions like these enable English factories to carry on despite persistent German bombing raids.

amples of unwisdom, inefficiency, sloth and "family compact" nepotism which have marked the history of Westminster politics since the formation of the National Government of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin.

"CATO" undertakes to show that that unreasonable coalition had only one real object—to keep out of any share in the government of Great Britain the three elements which really wanted to get something done, about unemployment, about agriculture, about armament, about external alliances. These three elements were Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Bevin and his following of the younger Labor men. Each and all of these were considered likely, if given a share of power, to disturb the peace of the ruling clique; so great offices of state were consistently given to men like Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. Leslie Burgin, Sir Kingsley Wood, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Mr. Ernest Brown.

"Appeasement" was the natural, the inevitable, complement abroad of this sort of thing at home. If your domestic policies have no energy, your foreign ones cannot possibly have any. And Appeasement meant simply feeding the future enemy the stuff that would make him stronger to fight you a little later. The tanks which overwhelmed France—the tanks which but for the finger of God would have cut off Brigadier Haldenby and his men from ever finding their way back to a yet unenslaved England—"bore a familiar sign upon them. They had been made, according to French design, in the Skoda works of Czechoslovakia." The planes which supported and guided them were working under a technique developed by experiment against the Nationalists of Spain. The supreme faith in Hitler which animated every man in those tanks, those planes, those marching millions, was to a simply incalculable extent presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain. The men they kept out of office are now saving the country they nearly destroyed.



A LOOK-OUT MAN, posted on the roof of the King's Cross railway terminus in London, scans the sky for Nazi raiders. In his left hand is a horn. By blowing it into a microphone he sounds an air raid warning.

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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Every week B. K. Sandwell, Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, selects an important topic for extended comment in his personal department, "From Week to Week". Sometimes solemn, sometimes humorous, his discussion can be depended upon always to be authoritative and—may we say it—urbane.

SATURDAY NIGHT,
the Canadian Illustrated Weekly.

THE HITLER WAR

Germany Will Gobble All Balkans

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ONE of Hitler's favorite theories of warfare is that it is cheaper to spend a few millions of marks in undermining a country's will to resist, than to use up several divisions in conquering it. Besides, you get all the resources of the victim intact. This theory has never been better vindicated than in Rumania.

The Germans captured Bucharest easily in the last war. Though Rumania came in at a time when they were staggering under the repulse by the French at Verdun and the great British offensive on the Somme and Russian offensive in Galicia, they scraped together 75,000 troops to aid the Austrians and Bulgarians, and with brilliant generalship by Mackensen and Falkenhayn broke Rumania in three months.

But they took over a ruined country; in particular the coveted oil wells had been plugged and the refineries burned. This time they resolved to manage better. For years they have schemed to take over this bigger richer Rumania, with three times the oil production of 1914 and a refining capacity double that again (12 million tons yearly; i.e., it will handle six million tons of Russian oil as well as the whole Rumanian production) intact. Last week their efforts were rewarded, and with a few thousand men they captured Rumania's oil wells and refineries, pipe-lines and loading-ports, railways and barge-strings, granaries and herds, industries and workers, all as a going concern. If anyone asks why they went into Rumania, that is answer enough, I think. To Hitler this must be a great and satisfying victory, exactly the kind he exults in. Can anyone doubt that he has similar plans well advanced for Hungary and Bulgaria, and—allowing Italy a grudging share—Yugoslavia and Greece?

One must admit that Adolf is a clever puss at this cat-and-mouse game. What an ironic game he plays with these little Balkan countries! He divides Transylvania evenly between Hungary and Rumania and then tells the Rumanians if they're good they can keep the rest, while he whispers to the Hungarians that if they're very obliging he might give it all to them. He holds himself up to both the land-owners of Budapest and the Iron Guard of Bucharest as their protector against the Soviet Union, and gains all the Rumanian arsenals under the guise of "training" the Rumanian Army for a crusade to win back Bessarabia. He holds over the Yugoslavs the threat of losing the Banat, Slovenia and the Dalmatian coast, while extending to the Bulgarians the prospect of winning a window on the Aegean from the Greeks.

Victory Without Fight

While Hitler confuses and divides his victims with this political game his military men make shrewd strategic moves on the Balkan chess-board. Advancing at one bound into the heart of the peninsula, they completely outflank Yugoslavia and instal themselves all along the Bulgarian frontier, while driving a wedge between these 20 million doughy Slav fighters and that "Grandfather Ivan" to whom they have begun to turn again, and who has moved so much closer to them this summer. Hungary is left virtually an island in a German sea. Germany has conquered the Balkans down to Adrianople and Salonika, without fighting. She can bring to power more pliable governments in Budapest, Belgrade and Sofia, and consolidate her grip over all this territory in her own time, after she has finished with Rumania. The process might take several weeks. Then Hitler will be in a position to bring the same kind of pressure on Greece and Turkey, in both of which countries his propaganda is now going full blast.

Yet in this situation a hopeful report arrives, and finds many wishful believers, that Yugoslavia, Greece and

Turkey are getting together to form a stop-Hitler bloc, with the support of Russia and Britain. It is a pretty hope. Unable to pull together under the most favorable circumstances, these Balkan countries are to make a solid stand now. In the first place they won't, and in the second place they can't. A Serbian Army was something to be reckoned with when armies measured their strength by the number of rifles they could muster and the skill and courage of their riflemen. But modern war has got beyond the Balkan countries. They still have their rifles and their courage. But the great industrial powers have tanks and planes, gas and flame-throwers, heavy artillery and mechanized transport.

Greek Token Defence

But at least, it is said, we can save Greece. I doubt if unqualified assurances of British protection have been renewed in Athens. Norway, Holland and Belgium have proved that we can't save a country that leaves the call to the very last minute, and hasn't formulated complete plans for military co-operation in advance. Unless our air power were solidly installed in Greece, with ground crews, repair equipment, bombs and supplies, and a strong expeditionary force landed and in position, there is little that we could do to save the Greek mainland. Yet who believes that we have such air power to spare or that these arrangements really are completed? I think it more likely that what we are urging in Athens is that the Greek Government, while making a token defence of its northern frontier, shift its main forces and the administration to Crete, where we could make our protection effective. With Turkish co-operation most of the Greek islands in the Aegean could probably be held in the same way.

Crete would have the greatest strategic value to us. It has anchorages at either end, in Souda Bay and the Gulf of Merampelos, which have often been used by the British Navy in the past. It would be an outpost for Alexandria, a half-way house between Malta and Suez, and would greatly strengthen our blockade of Libya. But we would have to be smart, have sea and air forces all ready and an understanding worked out with the defenders of the island's airports, if we are to save even Crete.

Now we come to the more cheerful side of the story. Germany may very easily make herself master of the whole Balkan peninsula. But she will then have Turkey before her, and Russia over her shoulder. This brings us to the question of what Germany's intentions are down here. I think the master plan behind the move into Rumania is the establishment of a great advanced military base, well supplied with food for the men and fuel for the machines, from which the Germans can dominate the whole Balkans, keep constant pressure on Russia to stay out of the war or strike at her to advantage if she shows signs of coming in, or launch an expedition towards the Near East.

By their advance into Bessarabia and reported concentration of armies and equipment there the Russians have shown that they understand the German intentions very well. The great question of the hour is: what will they do about them? Stalin has so far shown about equal fear of Germany and of getting involved in the war. But it seems to me that he has shown enough boldness to belie the suggestion that he will on no account risk war. Judging by his procedure in the Far East I expect him to encourage the Turks to do his fighting, as he does the Chinese, and to wait and watch with the greatest caution for a sign of German weakening. I am not sure that at any point in the war he will "join" us against Germany; he seems to prefer to play a lone hand. But I think he will make many moves which will help us nev-



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ertheless, and I believe that if Hitler attacks him he will fight, though I think his armies would be badly beaten at first.

That leaves Turkey. She is a different proposition from all these other states. In the first place she is too healthy to be infected by the Nazi virus, and in the second she enjoys a good strategic position against Germany, with a good first line of defence in the Straits and the support on either side of her of a great land power and a great sea power.

She possesses, too, that absolute necessity, an air force. And it is said that it includes numbers of the latest model British fighters and bombers, while it is known that a British air mission has been instructing the Turks in advanced air tactics. If the Turks make sound dispositions, and don't allow themselves to be drawn into a hopeless defence of Salonika and Turkey-in-Europe, they ought to be able to fight a strong rear-guard action all across Anatolia and hold the Germans firmly by the time they

reach the Taurus Mountains.

If the Turks fight, I don't believe the Germans can get to the Near East. I am not sure they will even try unless they can secure a Turkish capitulation. They will work on that this fall and early winter, and if they can't secure it may use their advanced base in Rumania for an attack on Russia as early next year as is feasible, before Britain is ready to carry her offensive to the Continent.

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EST. 1832—OVER A CENTURY OF BANKING EXPERIENCE

Beaverbrook in Two Wars

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

TO SAY that a self-made millionaire of three score and one years deserves a rest might start an argument, but not even his most envious enemy will deny that he could afford to sit back and take things easy if he wanted to.

I have Lord Beaverbrook in mind. I met Max Aitken occasionally when he was a prankish young man in New Brunswick who appeared to be destined for the interesting but economically insecure career of a rolling stone; and the fact that he was a son of a Presbyterian minister did nothing to tone down the prankishness of his behavior in the eyes and ears and on the tongues of the citizenry. (I know, for I was a parson's son—but, unlike Max, I am still viewed with suspicion by the parishioners. Fair enough!)

When I met Max in England in the summer of 1915 he was a pale young man of thirty-five or six, a member of the Mother of Parliaments, a

knight of Saint Michael and Saint George, the Canadian Representative at G.H.Q., B.E.F., Western Front, and a wizard of Lombard Street verging on the million sterling mark. I, an infantry lieutenant and a survivor of Salisbury Plain, was trying to get away from a reserve battalion and closer up to the war. Max fixed me up by taking me on his staff at G.H.Q. for duty and discipline and having me placed with H.Q. 1st Canadian Division, for a mess, a billet, a batman and a horse.

During those eight months of "eye-witnessing" in Flanders and France, I saw a great deal of Sir Max Aitken in and under a variety of circumstances and conditions. At that time, one of his innumerable public tasks was the preparation of Vol. I of "Canada in Flanders" for book publication. This was a compilation of newspaper articles which he had written during the spring and summer (1915) in his subsidiary office of official Canadian military eye-witness, revised and foot-

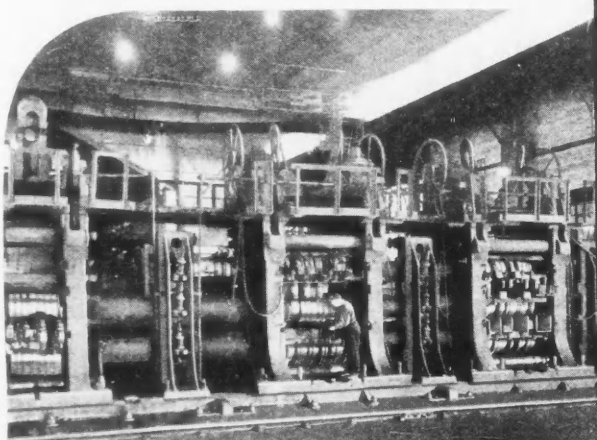
noted. (You may have read the little book. I hear that it is rather lightly considered now by some scientific military historians—but it is easy and inspiring reading even now and was highly valued at the time by tens of thousands of military and civilian Canadians and the British press. It deals with the organization and military actions of the 1st Canadian Division from September, 1914, to the arrival of the 2nd Canadian Division in France in September, 1915, and was off the press with a preface, an introduction, appendices and foot-

notes—before the end of that year. It was not intended as definitive history, but it served its several useful purposes and it is still good reading.)

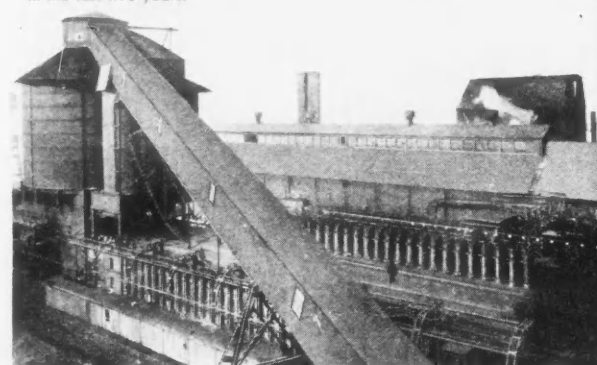
SIR MAX AITKEN was not physically robust in those days—nor has he been since, nor is he now. But he was tough then, even as he must be tough now. I have seen him floundering in darkness and mud, off the pavé and out of luck, when he might have been in bed at St. Omer for who was to say him nay? Though he tried to do too many things at the same time, he never shirked the throwing of all his weight into the most urgent of the jobs demanding instant attention. Pushing on the rear of a ditched car, he was equal to his weight in wildcats.

He organized the Canadian War Records Office—which is not to be confused with the Records Office—in the spring of 1916 in the interests of military history and publicity. I was in on that, with Captain Holt-White for my side-kick. We had rooms in Max's private offices in Lombard street, at no charge to the Canadian Government. Max was Canadian War Records Officer; and Holt-White and I were his right hand and his left hand, interchangeable at a moment's notice or even without warning, which made Max ambidextrous on that job. Our first undertaking was the collection, coordination and preservation of war diaries, which was not as easy as it reads.

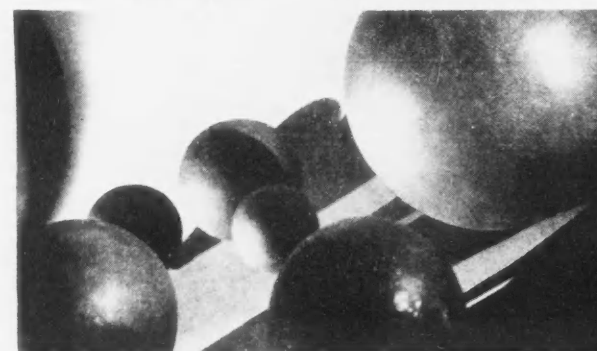
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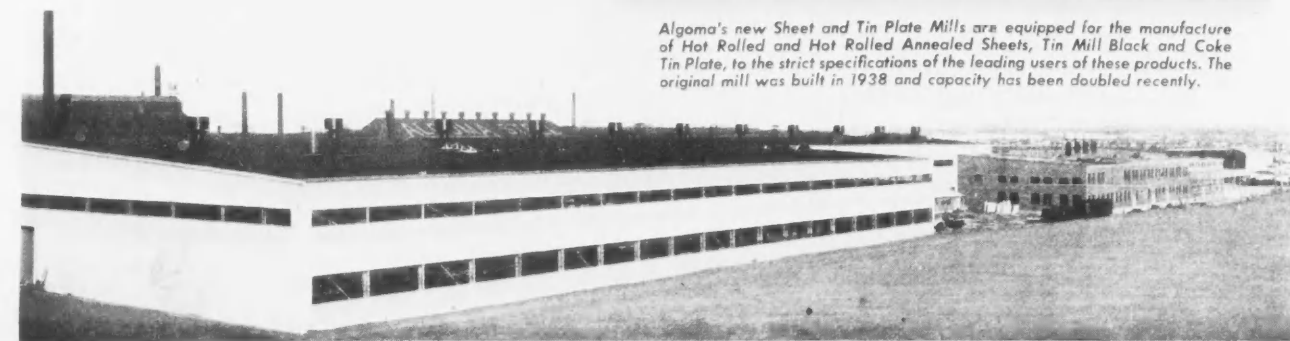
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Babes in the Wood

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

The annual Brewery Nights Entertainment on the grounds of Mrs. H. T. Shaw at Old Brewery Bay, Orillia, Ont., have become somewhat famous, for they usually involve the whole-hearted cooperation of Stephen Leacock, Mrs. Shaw's neighbor. This year Dr. Leacock provided a dramatic sketch entitled "Courage," which was an excellent example of his customary style of humor, and the following Introduction to the whole entertainment. (Both may be performed or printed without fee for patriotic purposes.) The Introduction was played

by two little evacuees, Barbara Brown and Martin Brown, of Gloucestershire, England, who in the language of the stage directions "appear hand in hand from among the trees. Their voices are heard talking before they are quite seen. As they get before the audience they separate out, moving and groping their way, not looking towards the audience but sideways into the dark. For them there are no lights. They are searching for safety—the boy a little ahead of his sister, to protect her..."

SHE: Brother, how wonderful it is! How sweet! how still! Will the bombs fall here, too, Robin? tell me, do you think they will? And must we hide again, brother, hide from the cruel men? Hide in the sunken hollows, Robin, dost think we must hide again?

BOY: No, little sister, don't tremble, here there is nothing to fear, Closer, come closer, dear sister, there is no danger here . . .

SHE: And are these the Norfolk woods, Robin, and the great trees where we lay?

BOY: Nay, little sister, not Norfolk—Norfolk is far away . . .

SHE: There in the woods a-dreaming, hundreds of years went by, Under the leaves, in slumber, Robin dear, thou and I, Only at times the church bells, chimes that were far away, Or the sound of the North Sea sobbing would reach us where we lay, Then came the noise and the tumult and the falling crash from the sky, And we woke and fled in the darkness, Robin dear, thou and I, Dost think is the North Sea near us? If so once again let us flee, There must be a haven somewhere for children like you and me, Oh, Robin, I hear their voices, children calling in fear,—

BOY: No, little sister, fear not,—there is no danger here; This is no scene of terror—this is the place, I know, That came to us dimly in dreaming, hundreds of years ago, The new land people discovered, after we fell asleep, A land all beauty and stillness, wide and empty and deep, Here, while we still lay dreaming, brave men came over the sea To make a new home for England, for its children, for you and me.

SHE: Oh, Robin, only to think it, hurry, hurry, let's go And bring all the children hither, and let all the people know, Children weeping in darkness, children crying in pain, Here in the land of sunlight, England shall live again.

BOY: (Suddenly changing his attitude, facing around, and recognizing the audience, and talking in a plain loud voice.) Stop! why! sister, I know where we are now! This is all right. This is the Old Brewery Bay . . . There won't be any bombs dropped here. No German ever dropped bombs on a Brewery. This is that wonderful place of Mrs. Shaw's where they hold the Brewery Bay Entertainment every year.

SHE: Why, so it is, Robin—how wonderful! Let's try to get seats among the people and see it all.

BOTH: May we sit down too, please?

Beaverbrook in Two Wars

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Battalion war diaries were not automatic in that war; and the same may be said for them in this war, I suspect. Somebody had to do a scribble at them some time or other. This was probably the adjutant's job; and he would probably deputize it. But when the outfit was in the front line, and all hands were busy trying to keep alive—all too frequently without success—and at the same time inflict punishment upon the enemy, what matter whose appointed task it was to jot down, every evening, a detailed account of the incidents, casualties and weather conditions of the day and the behavior (usually hostile) of the enemy opposite? A weary subaltern would look at the thing, then fall asleep with his face on it.

So the diaries would be put off until the units concerned were out of the fire-trench and then written up from sadly confused memory. So it is not to be wondered at that delving historians now find a bewildering lack of agreement even among the diarists of battalions of the same brigades. If the historians must blame someone, let it be the enemy, not the founder and chief of the C.W.R.O.

THE difficult pursuit of war diaries, trench maps, operation orders, summaries of intelligence and all such was not enough for a war records office, in Sir Max's opinion; so he added official photographers to his establishment. The camera men did so well (page Captain Rider) that Max extended his mediums of record by employing painters—real artists in oil and water-color—to immortalize Canada's fighting men and their environments. I have seen Major Augustus John, R.A., with his spurs on wrong—the R.A. standing for Royal Academy, not Royal Artillery, in his case. But however the embattled painters wore their spurs, Max saw to it that they wielded their brushes generously and well; and now we have to thank Lord Beaverbrook for the pictorial record of Canadian arms in the first world war that is one of the nation's most treasured possessions.

Sir Max Aitken, K.C.M.G., was created a baronet in 1916 and a peer of the realm a few months later, as the Baron Beaverbrook. The gentlemen of the Royal College of Heraldry, whose job it was to make out the patent of nobility, didn't think much

of "Beaverbrook" from a heraldic point of view. They wanted to spell it "Belvoirbrook," arguing that if Belvoir is pronounced beaver in the case of historic Belvoir Castle, beaver should be written belvoir in the case of Beaverbrook. They may even have gone so far as to suggest, in recognition of the fact that the beaver of Great Britain, long since extinct, was called the castor, that Max should write himself Lord Castorbrook. But Max sent them a map of the province of New Brunswick and had his own way in the matter.

Lord Beaverbrook was still Canadian Representative in France and head of the Canadian War Records Office when he purchased his first London newspaper.

Soon after that, just for something to do, he got himself the job of Minister of Information in the British Government. His chief assistants in that vital ministry were Lord Northcliffe and Colonel John Buchan.

I MET great men among Max Aitken's close friends of those days; and the fact that those of them who are still of this world are still his close friends is worth making a note of. The Right Honorable A. Bonar Law, F. E. Smith, and Sir Robert Borden were among them—but of all Max's intimate friends of that war, it is Winston Churchill whom I remember most vividly and happily. It was Winston Churchill who took my fancy.

It was on the night before Christmas Eve of 1915. I was on my way



AIR COMMODORE Leigh Forbes Stevenson, officer commanding No. 4 air training command at Regina since May, who has been appointed Air Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Air Force overseas headquarters in the United Kingdom. Air Commodore Stevenson moved to Regina from Toronto where he was in charge of No. 1 command. Previous to that he was in charge at Camp Borden. In peace time he was Director of Air Regulations of the Dept. of Transport at Ottawa.

down from St. Jean Capelle and out for seven days with my family at Folkestone. I found Sir Max's house in the Street of the Drum in St. Omer

full of notables. There were Max and Major Manley-Sims, our hosts; and Sir Montagu Allan of the Canadian Red Cross, General Seely of our cavalry brigade, several gentlemen on a Cook's tour, and the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. I was an infantry subaltern; but by Sir Max and his friends, subalterns received the same treatment as generals—one way or the other, if you get my meaning.

After a long, rich dinner, Max and Sir Montagu and others went into a huddle of high politics. But Winston Churchill refused duty.

"This is a time for Christmas carols," he said. "Pipe up, Seely! Pipe up, Roberts!"

The general piped up with him, but all I could do was stand up with them and contribute moral support, being no songster. They sang all the best English Christmas carols and hunting songs, with our host watching enviously from the adjoining room and trying to keep his attention on what Sir Montagu was saying in a very mild tone of voice.

THAT was in 1915. Now, in 1940, we thank God that Winston Churchill survived the other war and the years between to save us from utter destruction in this war. And we should give thanks for Max Aitken too, who has come back from retirement and health-seeking to fill the skies with fighting aircraft.

Max Aitken produces aircraft in quantities never before dreamed of; and among the heroes who fly and fight them against the enemies of God and Man is young Max Aitken.

It is something for all advocates of half-measures and individual caution to think about.



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says Dr. Eugene Prud'homme. As a medical man, Dr. Prud'homme daily sees vicissitudes and calamities taking their toll of human life and wealth. Through this experience he has learned that each day's uncertainties must be provided for—future economic independence MUST be made certain. With this fact uppermost in mind Dr. Prud'homme became a National Life policyholder. Now, though he cannot see what tomorrow will bring, his life insurance provides a secure shelter against future financial worries. Dr. Prud'homme has been a policyholder of the National Life since 1935.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Mitchell Hepburn, the New Appeaser

BY POLITICUS

IF ANYTIME now you see a pudgy young fellow in a double-breasted blue suit, a big dimple in his chin and almost no hair, standing on a platform singing "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" while his light blue eyes gaze lovingly at a picture of a moon-faced, non-committal-looking gentleman with white piping on his vest, don't act surprised. For it will be our pal of olden days, Mitch Hepburn, serenading Waiting Willie King's favorite campaign photograph which makes him look fifteen years younger and tries to give the impression of statesmanship.

Yes, Mitch is starting on his groundwork for the next election, and when Mitch is in a campaign he goes all out, lets the devil take the hindmost, throws consistency and record out the window, and really provides a first class show.

Mitch, the Mighty Campaigner from Bannockburn Farms, knows what is necessary to win elections and influence people. But this time he will have to turn on all his charm, for a lot of the boys are sore at how he treated our Nell at Laurier House the last time the call went out to save the mortgage on the patronage trough from the nasty Tories.

The Great Cause

All the lads might forgive everything and rise as one man in the Great Cause, no matter what Ontario's Boss might do in the Separate School matter, Hydro or even debt, taxation and the harassing of parents to make them look after their little children for an extra few weeks. But when he dares go out of his way to throw sticks and stones at the Great Winner who loves the Gatineau Hills, then he better watch out. And how about that time he said Willie looked like a mud turtle sticking out its head? And the War Effort—remember that?

So the darling of the mining industry has got to do some tall work to whip everyone in line. And that is going to take some appeasing. There has been no man in Ontario who is used to or likes appeasement less than the very same Mitch. But there



ROBERT LAURIER, who succeeds the Hon. Paul Leduc as Ontario's Minister of Mines.

—John Poirie, Ottawa.

comes a time . . . you know.

The first major step towards the development of the New Appeasement was taken last week when Mr. Hepburn took to himself a new Minister of Mines. There were signs of the change in tactics before last week. Since just before the votes were counted in the federal election on March 26 Mr. Hepburn has kept pretty quiet on the subject of his bête noire. And it must have been hard for the man who loves to smile at an opponent after he has licked the stuffings out of him but can't stand being on the losing end of a scrap. But hard or not, something has to be done to get the federal Liberals batting for him when the going gets tough.

It's not that Mr. Hepburn likes Mr. King any better than he used to. It's not that he wants to let people think that he hasn't been able to lick the man he really hates. It's only that he needs all the support he can get when the time comes to pull that quick election that does not have to come before two years but will probably come long, long before then.

The public has forgotten a great deal of what happened in the past two years. It always does. But the party line men haven't. They even began intriguing for the abdication of Mitch. But there came the Blitzkrieg and then there was no one dared take any steps to force a political squabble over the leadership of the Liberal party in Ontario.

Mitch is Surprised

Only last week another indication of the way Mitch has been thinking came when he congratulated "Chubby" Power's acting deputy minister for air, James Duncan, on his speech in Toronto and told him how he was surprised and pleased at the way the Commonwealth Plan was coming along. There have been several minor indications of Mitch's desire to play ball with the gang that knows how to win elections. Little bits of federal and provincial co-operation here and there, and keeping his mouth shut when he might have sounded off against King.

But the biggest single sign of the change of public front and desire to heal the breach with the King forces came when he appointed Robert Laurier as his mines minister. It was not that the nephew of the patron of the present Dominion prime minister was or is particularly qualified to be a cabinet minister or a minister of mines. It was that in the appointment of one who was virtually the adopted son of Sir Wilfrid, Mitch hopes he has provided a bridge over which the federal Liberals will return to his fold, at least long enough to take up the battle with George Brew.

In Ontario the federal and provincial ridings closely approximate each other in their boundaries. In

many cases it is the one association that looks after the provincial and federal campaigns in the ridings. With very few exceptions the provincial executives worked for the King Liberals in the last federal election. Now comes the job of having them work with the Hepburn adherents. And that is Mitch's job which he must complete before he tests his popularity.

The Laurier Name

The main reason of course that he chose Robert Laurier to succeed Paul Leduc is that he bears a name which means something to all Liberal party men whether they be Mitch or Willie supporters. Mitch himself not only has a bust of Sir Wilfrid in his office in the Parliament Buildings in Toronto but he has named the artificial lake on his farm Lake Laurier. There is the one point of contact he still has with his once-upon-a-time "beloved leader."

There were other claimants to the post as the French-Canadian representative in the Ontario cabinet. There is Aurelien Belanger, the Prescott member who is the senior French-Canadian in experience in the Ontario House. Before the 1934 election Belanger was promised a cabinet post, but Hepburn foisted Paul Leduc on the riding of East Ottawa and then appointed him to the cabinet. There are many others who by experience and ability are far ahead of the quiet 48-year-old assistant private secretary to the Hon. Ernest Lapointe. But the name of Laurier is a magic one not only with French-Canadians but all members of the Liberal party. Even Toronto used to cheer, although it didn't vote for, the White Plume.

Some Dissatisfaction

The appointment of Laurier and the announcement that he will represent East Ottawa was not taken well by many of the party association men in East Ottawa, much to the surprise of Mitch's man Friday, Harry Johnson. There is some dissatisfaction amongst the East Ottawa riding executive in that they were not consulted as to who should be their member. But as of yore there is nothing that a bit of patronage and plenty of campaign funds will not heal.

The surprise of the appointment was not only great to followers of the Ontario political ferris wheel. It was a great surprise to Mr. Laurier himself.

There was Mr. Laurier, only for the past four months on the staff of Mr. Lapointe's secretariat and previously retired on the legacy of his uncle. He had met Mitch socially a few times but had not seen him for three years. He had got on pleasantly for the past several years travelling. He had lived in Paris for many years. He had always not been Robert Laurier, but the nephew of Sir Wilfrid, the young man who was virtually adopted by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier after his father died.

Since his return to Canada he had been living quietly in Ottawa tending the family heirlooms, including a snuff-box presented to his uncle by George V and Queen Mary when they visited Canada in 1901 as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. So great has been the difficulty of bearing the name of his uncle that he has named his two sons Henri and Carl. For as Mr. Laurier says: "The name of Laurier is a great enough burden without naming either of my boys Wilfrid."

On Wednesday evening, October 2, the phone rang at the Laurier home. It was Mr. Hepburn offering the mines post to Mr. Laurier. He did not give his consent until he talked it over with some friends. On Friday, October 4, he consented and told Mr. Hepburn. On Monday morning he went down to Toronto to talk things over with his new leader. And Mitch had him sworn in before he left for home in Ottawa.

Jasper, the Cat, Aids Morale

BY CONSTANCE KERR SISSONS

See pictures on next page.

IN A recent broadcast, J. B. Priestley described the curious sense of relief with which he watched a mother duck, one gloomy eve, marshalling her brood across a pond. The European horror slid far below his horizon as those nimble ducklings responded to the serene maternal quack. Priestley has the artist's eye for contrast. He knows that, in times of stress, the confidence of the animal creation can act as a foil to human panic.

Many have found, in association with their pets, an echo of this truth. Many hearts ached for the Channel Islanders who lined up with their dogs and cats at the order to have these destroyed before the evacuation. I know a couple who have stayed on in their home on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, placing their trust in a garden shelter. Two urgent reasons for remaining there, I strongly suspect, are "Bingo," a scalyham, and a "scottie" named "Jock."

Priestley's clever talk implied, rather than stated, the principle underlying that comfort we find in our "little brothers," when calamity clouds our sky. Compared with humans, the beasts succeed in being more completely themselves. For this reason I have always quarreled with the term "copy-cat," because, of all beasts, the cat family is the most independent. I will go further and declare that, of all cats, Jasper—the subject of this sketch—is the ultimate in self-possession. How Jasper has contributed to the upkeep of our morale should appear in his brief story.

But "brief" is hardly a fitting adjective to apply to Jasper's career. If one year in the life of dog or cat equals seven years in the human span, Jasper is nearly 116. He was born on April 13, 1924. The hit-or-miss cognomen we bestowed upon him scored a real bull's-eye when his singing voice proved to be feeble and off-key—decidedly a jazz purr. As "Jazz-Purr," indeed, he has figured in several magazines, and even in the output of a cartoonist on one of Toronto's dailies. He is a long-haired tabby, rather undersized but splendidly equipped as to teeth, claws and tail.

IF PERMITTED to make the first advances, Jasper is affection itself. But other cats he will not tolerate, and up to a recent date he has speeded the departure of many a canine intruder ten times his size. With the

SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER

BELLEEK and delft along the shelf,
Dotted swiss across the pane,
A kettle steamin' on the coals
And a linnin' singin' from the lane.

Pots av copper all a-row,
A shaft av sunlight on the floor,
A sleepin' cat across the sill,
And mornin' glories at the door.

And through this little world av
peace
I move sedate, and sit apart—
And think how quick I'd sink a knife
Hilt-deep in wan false lover's
heart!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

Fatalism that distinguishes cats—surely fatalism, when not overdone, is no mean auxiliary to courage!—this intrepid old tom has survived many an encounter, and is still hitting on all nine lives while retaining his youthful beauty to a remarkable degree. Wrinkles don't show on a feline countenance.

One of his choicest expressions eluded our every effort to "snap" it. "Priceless!" we'd shout, and rush for the camera—but it had vanished all too soon. Then, one day a neighbor casually remarked, "We snapped that cat of yours in our garden," and when the film was developed, lo and behold, one view showed the elusive expression. Is it hauteur, waggery or mirth? Is it Jasper being a devil of a fellow, or Jasper airing his true

purr-sonality? Whatever it is, few people gaze on it unmoved.

One afternoon some time ago, Jasper was bossing the job as I raked our lawn. A woman stopped to look at him, and he returned her gaze with a complacent pale-amber stare.

Indignantly I advanced Jasper's parentage. But she waved "pedigrees" aside.

"That's no Persian. That's a Russian cat," she declared, advancing upon him while I looked with misgiving at his whiskers. Was there something Stalinesque in the droop of them?

I left him and went in to consult the encyclopedia under C-A-T. "There

is a Russian long-haired cat," I read, "but it is solitary in its habits, unsociable in character, coarse in body and fur, and dingy in color." Hm! I thought, the cap seemed to fit, partially, but whenever we taxed Jasper with being Red, he growled. And when the Reds went after Finland, we knew that he disapproved any interference with a country so suggestive of fish.

BUT long before that I had proof that Jasper was no Nazi sympathizer. In August of 1939 my sole human companion, my daughter, was abroad. On August 24th the "crisis" materialized. So did a cablegram from Italy. "Stranded in Genoa," it read, "Don't worry." (Practically pen-

(Continued on Next Page)

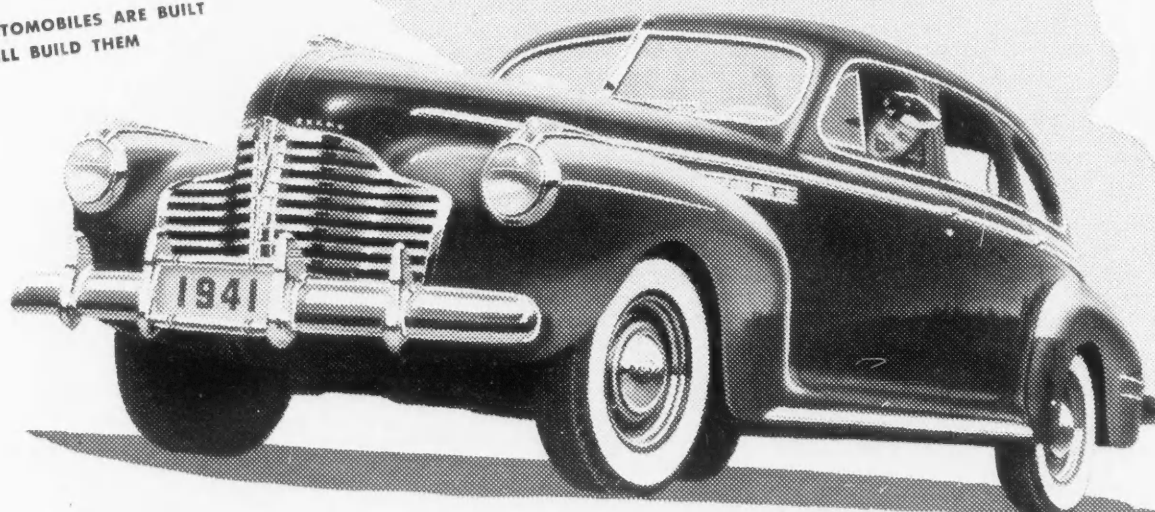


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More than that, to this engine you can likewise add Compound Carburetion—and step up both power output and your mileage. At 30 you'll get nearly one and one-half more miles per gallon, at 50 almost two.

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*According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."

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The

Play-Going in Other Days

BY PENELOPE WISE

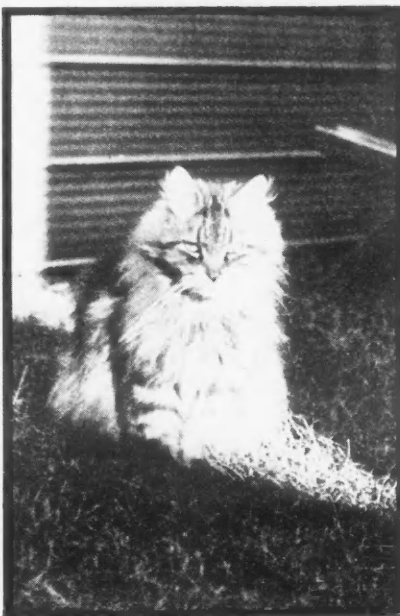
IT WAS my good fortune to grow up in the days when it was easy to see flesh-and-blood actors and actresses, and to see them often. I can remember a prudent grandmother deploring the effect of such excitement upon my childish mind, but I think she was wrong. At any rate, the recollection of many of the old plays and players enriches my memory, and gives a reality to the reading of a play that moving pictures do not give. There will soon come a time, I suppose, when dramatic critics will have no standard of judgment except that given by the movies. I admit that my experience of the latter is limited, and that a Walt Disney picture is the only one I find completely satisfactory. At any rate I have never seen a classic converted into a movie that was not somehow cheapened in the process, and that did not narrow rather than widen one's reactions. As I watch those stereotyped faces grimace upon the screen, and listen to the stereotyped voices, Hollywood voices with a careful and uniform touch of phoney English accent, I feel glad (smug if you like) that I can remember the voices of great actors and actresses.

One of the first I remember was Ada Rehan, whom I saw in "The Taming of the Shrew." I suppose that is why I have an unwarranted affection for that glorious bit of horse-play. It was presented, as it always should be, with the Christopher Sly prologue, which gives the play proper its right proportion and setting. Katharine, as Ada Rehan played her, was no shrew, but an outraged goddess, a super-mortal plagued by pygmies. She was not tamed by Petruchio, but merely, like a grown-up yielding to a child, falling into his humor. Her voice and bearing, the depth and richness she gave to the obvious humor of the part, was something to remember. To compare this with the moving picture I saw later, where the play was a background for the violence of Douglas Fairbanks' rather elderly gymnastics, ah well!

ELLEN TERRY I saw only near the close of her career, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." But the voice, the warmth and color of character, were still hers. I remember seeing her at that time on the street, stopping to talk with (with, not to) a big Newfoundland dog, and the



"A devil of a fellow,—and yet, at times, an angel."



glimpse somehow rounded out the impression of a lovely and glowing nature. There was in these two women, Ada Rehan and Ellen Terry, something big and generous and loveable that warmed and illumined any character they played.

Julia Marlow I did not see until she was much past her prime. The voice was still rich and unforgettable, but a Juliet stricken in years is pitiful, and I wish I might have seen her in the days when she was young and lovely. Her husband, E. H. Sothern, I saw many times, and I cherished, along with all the play-going young women of his time, a hopeless passion for that charming and skilled actor. He could walk across the stage with a certain godless grace—I think the phrase is Mark Twain's—that could flutter even the best-regulated female heart. I still think his Hamlet was under-estimated by critics; I saw Forbes Robertson in the part, but for me Sothern suggested better the essential gentleness of the poor distraught prince and the agony of his predicament. One line, as he spoke it, haunted me for a long time with its suggestion of unutterable woe and doom: "Thou canst not think how I'll be here about my heart."

Margaret Anglin and Viola Allen were lesser lights perhaps, but they

were bright ones. I wonder whether young people today, as they watch some screen favorite, experience the pang of regret I felt as I listened to Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night," realizing that the play must end in a mere hour or so, and the music of her voice and the words she spoke must cease. I suppose they do. Perhaps after all this ecstasy of delight is not a part of the play or players, but just of being young.

Jasper, the Cat

(Continued from Preceding Page)

niless, I knew). Thereafter I glued myself to the radio, and Jasper dropped his usual air of detachment, often crowding against me.

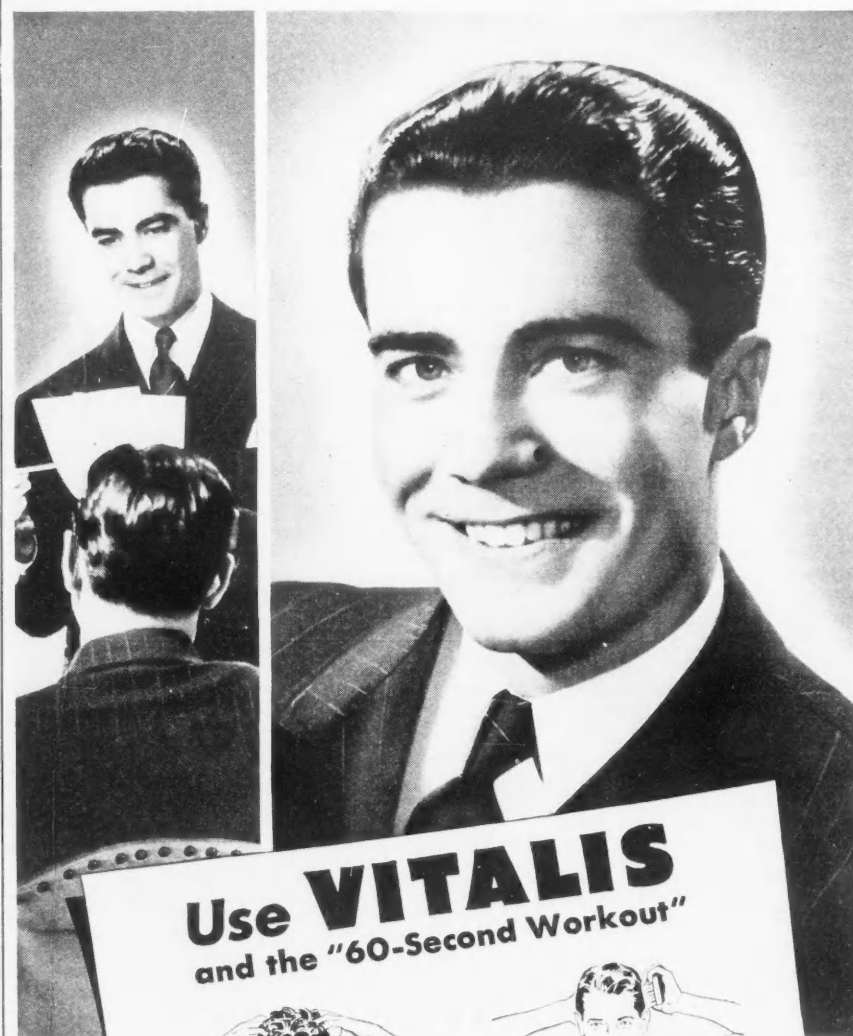
"Do you think the creature knows that something is wrong?" I asked a friend who listened in with me as war was declared.

She is convinced, as I am, that cats are very susceptible to the "aura" surrounding their human associates. The old cat took to sleeping on the foot of my bed, and, as the tension increased day by day, he crept closer and closer to my shoulder. I had no more definite news than a cable to report that some nameless ship, apparently sailing on September 1, was bringing our traveller home. The Athenia sailed on September 11. . . . My nights became a sort of delirium between an after-midnight broadcast and the headlines that arrived with the dawn. Once I dozed at daybreak, and woke to find something thrust within my hand a pussywillow paw. . . . No, I am not romancing.

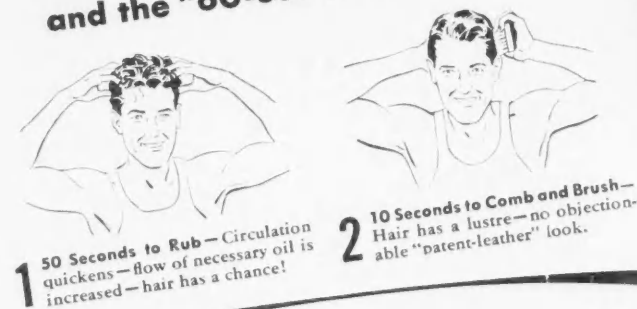
Towards the middle of September the "Arandora Star" solved our immediate problems by arriving in New York, after a weird voyage. Peace to her hulk! She sank later under the Hun onslaught, her gallant officers erect upon her bridge. But in the fall of 1939 she did us an excellent turn. As my nervous system reverted to normal, Jasper resumed his stolidity, but since that era he craves—and receives—more petting.

ALWAYS one of those talking cats who emit strange monosyllables expressing distrust, satisfaction or enquiry, Jasper has developed an uncanny amount of intuition. If felines don't reason, they reach conclusions by some other road. And what, I wonder, do they see when they gaze fixedly at something your mortal eyes fail to discern? In the nature of things we know that a day must dawn when "Jazz" will no longer miaow a welcome from the windowsill, or meet us at the door loudly protesting that he was lonely in our absence. His observation post at the fence corner will be empty, and the chestertfield will be free of tufts of fur and the marks of feline claws. It will be a sad day for us but we are not borrowing trouble. Something tells us that, like Mr. Britling, Jasper is going to see this conflict through, and with his personality at the helm our spirits will be upheld till Hitlerism is laid low. So why should we worry?

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Big Business by Boys for Boys

(Continued from Page 4)

"O.K.," said Frank, swallowing, and went home in a cold sweat. With the help of his mother and sister he delivered the order in ten days, working nights until 2 a.m. He kept his regular job for three years, making the kits nights and holidays. Last year he sold 1,000,000 kits, besides quantities of accessories. A breakfast-food company bought \$20,000 worth for premiums.

THE factory now occupies three two-storey and basement buildings, jammed with bright-eyed boys sawing, printing, making boxes, drawing designs and packing. Every new design is tested by the kids before it goes into production. A profit-sharing plan raises wages as the company prospers. One early helper came as a boy of 16 to deliver a parcel and hung around looking pop-eyed at the models. Today at 24 he is factory superintendent and one of Canada's champion fliers of model airplanes. When boys read "Checked by Ray Smith" on a plan, they know it will work. At weekly bull sessions the whole gang sits around and thinks up new ways to outsmart the big toy manufacturers.



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If you have attended a banquet or sales convention in Toronto in the last ten years you may have noticed the company's founder—a boy who sat in a corner, wide-eyed, absorbing every word. Frank, 29 now, is the only person I ever met who really likes banquet speeches, who believes all he hears and acts upon the advice of the inspirational orators.

"I hadn't any education," he says, "and knew nothing about business—so I learned by listening to successful men." He drank the words of hardware men, engineers, bankers, labor leaders, advertising men, college professors and corset-makers.

The most valuable advice came when a general manager told his force that if their company was to retain its leadership through hard times it must tighten its belt and meet competition with better goods at lower prices. Frank drew frugal living expenses and put profits back into more efficient machinery. He began to sell at cost kits that retailed at five and ten cents, believing that if boys once started model-building they would scrape up money for more expensive kits. Only in the last four years has he taken out a profit.

He has written 200,000 letters to boys signed "Your pal, Frank"—answering questions, helping them to organize model airplane clubs, and urging them to ask their dealers to stock his kits. Which they do with a whoop and a holler to help their pal.

The only "old men" on the payroll are four salesmen. "Buyers don't like to deal with kids," Frank says sadly, as if buyers were incomprehensible.

FROM the beginning, when his helpers were playmates, he always has held out a hand to youngsters. When he needed better pictures for his boxes he refused to go to established commercial artists. "I'll bet," he said, "there's a boy somewhere who's a born artist and can't make a living at it. These old



HOME AGAIN. Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., back at his desk in Ottawa after a lightning visit to Great Britain where he found everything ship-shape and the fighting spirit of the people strengthening with every day's onslaught of the enemy.

pictures will do until I find him." He found him, working in a sign painting shop, a talented youngster of 19 who was hopefully studying in a free evening art school.

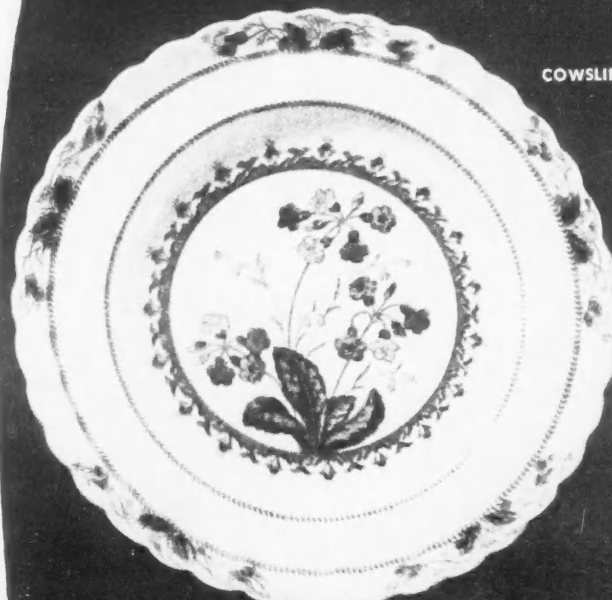
As the business grew he needed a draftsman. To one of the boys in the shop who had shown an interest in designing Frank said, "Tom, you go to night school and learn drafting and I'll give you a better job." He did the same for another boy when the business needed a book-keeper. Frank kept the books until the boy qualified for the job.

With Canada at war 19 of his boys enlisted in the air force. In all, 36 former employees are building war planes or learning to fly them. But most of his force is too young, and the Ontario Model Aircraft Company stays well out in front of competitors. Its models have the elusive youth appeal that comes when boys are producing for their pals.

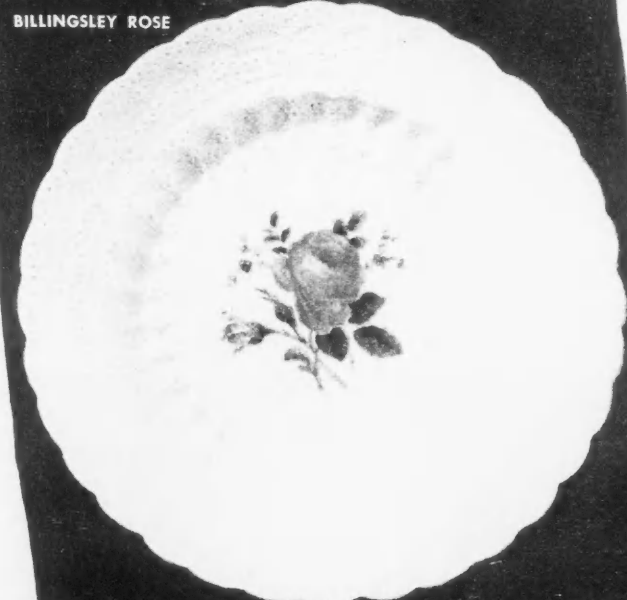


DURING THE LAST GREAT WAR Dr. Douglas G. Storms of Hamilton was in his late fifties. He was instrumental in building up an organization in the City of Hamilton for the preservation of fruit products from the Niagara Peninsula. His work received the very highest commendation from the powers at Ottawa and to use the doctor's own words it was hard work but at the same time real fun. Now the doctor is in his eighty-fourth year and not so active as he was in those days, but he still finds time to make in his own work-shop kitchen step-ladders, serving-tables and cribbage boards which each week are turned over to the Red Cross to sell and only recently three of his serving tables were raffled off and raised over a hundred and fifty dollars.
—Photo by "Jay".

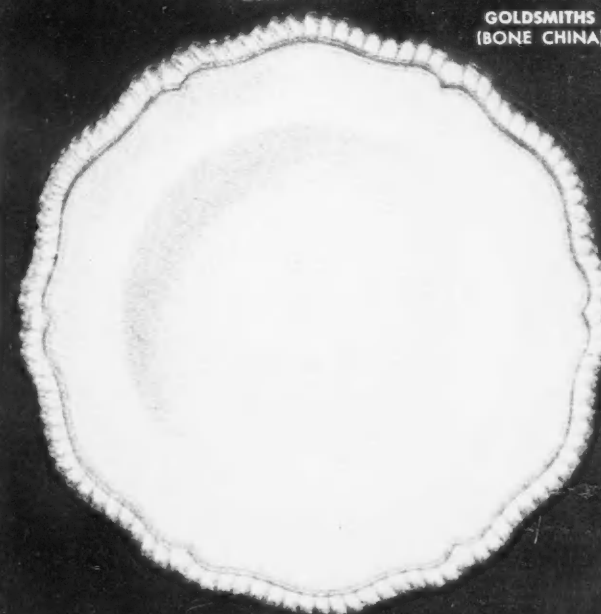
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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

THE BOOKSHELF

What Will Russia Do?

BY L. A. MacKAY

THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS, by Henry C. Wolfe. McClelland & Stewart. \$3.25.

RUSSIA THROUGH THE AGES, by Stuart R. Tompkins. McClelland & Stewart. \$7.50.

OVER Europe and Asia, indeed over Africa and the Americas as well hangs still the shadow of a tremendous Question: what is Russia going to do? The possible strength of the pres-

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AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE



NINA FEDOROVA
Author of "The Family"

ent belligerents, and the probable sympathies of the other chief nations still outside the war, are matters that admit some chance of reasonable computation. The real intentions of Russia or at least her immediate aims, remain shrouded in deliberate mystery. Mr. Wolfe, by an analysis of Russian policy for the last twenty years attempts by his personal knowledge and study of Russia over that period, to suggest an answer. In his earlier book, "The German Octopus" he predicted the partnership of Stalin and Hitler; here he traces in detail the background and the probable future of this agreement. The foreign policy of Russia he sees as an entirely selfish and realistic opportunism, "a combination of communism, Pan-Slavism, imperialism and Asiatic despotism; in some respects the Russian equivalent of Hitlerism." Mr. Wolfe is not immune from the common frailty of interpreters, a willing-

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ness to ascribe the same actions at one time to a deep-laid plot, at another to fluid opportunism. On the whole however he not only offers a convenient, up-to-date, and orderly summary of Soviet foreign policy,

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Menage in Tientsin

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE FAMILY, by Nina Fedorova. McClelland & Stewart. \$2.75.

ONE always approaches prize-winning novels with a certain misgiving, a feeling that the author's work won't measure up to the triumphant advance publicity. The assumption is that after all the prize had been announced and had to be awarded, and that there is a fair chance the winner was selected on the basis of *faute de mieux*.

Certainly this has been true of a vast number of prize-winning novels. It is not true of Nina Fedorova's "The Family," which recently won the \$10,000 Atlantic Award. "The Family" would have been an important and unique novel under any circumstances. It has all the fine qualities—insight, variety, compassion and maturity. The world of "The Family" is a world of exile and weary tragedy, and the story is told with a warmth and gaiety that lightens the tragedy but never falsely minimizes it. It is a heartbreaking novel but it is never an oppressive one.

THE Family is a group of White Russians—Granny, Mother, the daughter Lida, and the two nephews Peter and Dima. They are the only surviving members of a once great and powerful Russian family, and exile and starvation have brought them at last to the English concession in Tientsin. Here Mother runs a boarding house, a task for which she is perfectly unfitted, since she is astonished and grateful when her boarders pay, compassionate and helpful when they don't.

The boarding-house device is a familiar one for bringing together oddly assorted characters, but the author uses it skillfully and plausibly. The boarders themselves are

people who would drift inevitably into Mother's curiously worldly-unworldly menage—Madame Mil-tza, a Bessarabian occultist, Mr. Sung, a Chinese Revolutionary, Professor Chernov, a Russian biologist who had abandoned science to create a new religion of the Absolute, Mrs. Parrish, an alcoholic Englishwoman of extraordinary temperament, abandoned by her family, three Russian nuns, a group of enigmatic Japanese. In the midst of all these people the Family itself lives penniless, comfortless, often starving, yet curiously serene. The most luckless people on earth they are fortunate only in failing to realize the extent of their misfortunes.

"The Family" is always light in touch. Yet it has many extraordinarily moving passages—the death of Granny, for instance, and the chapters describing the mental disintegration of Professor Chernov, once a great man of science. From first to last Mme. Fedorova has a sustaining sense of the human dignity that somehow survives every deprivation and outrage.

There are occasional lapses in interest in the narrative for the author's world is comprehensive rather than swift-moving. It is crowded and changing and some of the minor characters—such as the furious Lady Dorothea and the professional reformer Miss Pink—are rather hastily sketched in and emerge as legends or types rather than as realized characters. But Granny and Mother, about whom the narrative revolves, have a luminous quality of reality. Perhaps the greatest triumph of "The Family" is that it can persuade us so easily that their gentleness and pure disinterestedness can still exist in a brutal disregarding world.

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but makes out a plausible case for his view that Stalin is the most astute political strategist in the Old World, taking advantage of Germany's "Samson psychosis" to push Russia forward along the path blazed by czarist imperialism.

For those who wish to understand the historic development of the Russian Empire, which sprawls through Europe and Asia over one-sixth of the earth's land surface, Mr. Tompkins' "Russia Through The Ages" is a work of the utmost value. It is a work not of journalism, but of carefully documented and widely-based scholarship. The author, who is a professor of history in the University of Oklahoma, first became interested in Russian studies on the Somme in 1916. Service in Siberia rekindled this interest, and led to the selection of Russian history as a special sphere of academic research. Most general histories of Russia hitherto available to English readers are rather deficient in detail or limited in approach, and some of them display a partisan feeling that simplifies without clarifying their interpretation. Mr. Tompkins has not only consulted and mastered a very large mass of material, having recourse wherever possible to primary documents, but he has achieved a high degree of objective impartiality in his presentation. His account of Russia before the sixteenth century is concise and cautious; the gradual growth of autocracy side by side with imperial expansion until the end of the nineteenth century is clearly traced; the revolutionary movements of the

(Continued on Next Page)

THE BOOKSHELF

Rough and Tough Christianity

BY W. S. MILNE

PREACHER ON HORSEBACK, by Cecile Hulse Matschat. Oxford. \$3.00.

THE time is the eighteen-sixties, the place the Mohawk valley in New York state, and the wilder parts of pioneer Michigan, and the hero a young parson, of a noble Hungarian family, cut off from his inheritance and prospects by a questionable episode at college. He comes to America, hesitates between medicine and the church, earns a living teaching singing in New York, marries a girl in comfortable circumstances, declines her father's offer of a soft berth as assistant pastor of a wealthy Brooklyn church, and heads for the sparsely settled Mohawk valley. He is to be pastor of a village church, and ride a twenty-mile circuit as well. He and his bride make the trip by wagon, and on the way he acquires a fine horse, the affection of a girl who rides in a circus, and a reputation for tardiness. His new charge bristles with difficulties, aggravated by his eccentric behavior and his

wife's utter lack of common sense. One of his few friends, Barney Tuppen the teamster, emigrates to the forests of Michigan, and the pastor follows him the next year, in the hope that a new start will be more auspicious. Living conditions are much harder in Michigan, and for a while he nearly starves. Micky, the circus girl, now an entertainer in a logging town, comes into the picture again, and Rica, his wife, has a difficult time of it. However, Rica suddenly begins to acquire some determination of her own, and a hitherto unsuspected talent for straight thinking and courageous endurance, and all ends satisfactorily.

This is a pleasantly told tale of pioneering days, not unlike some of Ralph Connor's, allowing for differences in literary taste during the last twenty-five years. Janos Sandor, however, is a more complex character than most of Mr. Gordon's clergymen. His professional mantle is easily laid aside, and, although I think the author intends to portray him as gen-



CECILE HULSE MATSCHAT
Author of "Preacher on Horseback".

uinely moved by a desire to save souls, yet she has not succeeded in making his call very convincing. He is least believable when he speaks as a preacher. Janos, however, is consistency itself, and a model of resolution, when contrasted with his wife. Not even David Copperfield's Dora was such an impossibly unsatisfactory partner as Rica in the first half of the story. Her change of character, though welcome, is more expedient than believable. Some of the minor characters are well done, notably Barney and his mother. Mrs. Matschat introduces some timber-thief melodrama in the last half of the story, but one feels she is not happy at that sort of thing. Nevertheless, the book reads easily, and has some distinction of style and incidental characterization. You would probably enjoy it, but don't worry if you don't get around to it.

Good Company

BY PENELOPE WISE

MR. FINCHLEY TAKES THE ROAD, by Victor Canning. Musson. \$2.50.

THE trouble with those psychology fellows is they're always giving dogs bad names and trying to hang them. Allow yourself a little optimism, and it's wishful thinking. Dream a harmless dream, well, you know how it is—you hardly dare to close your eyes. Try to get away from novels with cock-pit morals and manners, and you're an escapist.

All right then, I'm an escapist, and my idea of a well-spent evening is a grate fire and a book like "Mr. Finchley Takes the Road." It begins with that point in Mr. Finchley's life that we all like to dwell on for ourselves at times, when Mr. Finchley is shaking off for good the shackles of his job. It has been a pleasant enough job too, with congenial work and colleagues, but he is free at last to indulge the hankering of a lifetime for a little place in the country, where he and his wife and young step-son can escape from murky, noisy London. He acquires, somewhat to his own surprise, a caravan in which to pursue his search. "With it you could follow the idle promptings of a summer's wanderings or fasten close the doors and sit tight and snug against the battering of any winter gale. Beside the black and steel two-seater it was an argosy of color and adventure."

He takes the road in his caravan, and the story is an account of his wanderings, of his meetings with various colorful characters, and of the Kentish countryside. The canary-colored caravan with its green and red wheels jogs along, its gaiety symbolizing Mr. Finchley's new freedom and the variety of his adventures. There is the easy, pleasant humor of the preceding Finchley novels, with plenty of action and plenty of good horse-sense philosophy as Mr. Finchley reflects upon the state of English agriculture, or the part that the Thames has played in the life of England, or when, gorgeously tipsy on good Kentish cider, he takes the lead in pulling down the hurdles erected by "a damned London financier" to block up a right-of-way through his property. There is even



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a touch of mystery thrown in for good measure with a secret panel in the caravan and pursuing villains.

"Mr. Finchley Takes the Road" follows of course a familiar pattern. Dickens and Priestley and many others have used it, but it's a good pattern. There'll always be, thank Heaven, a Mr. Finchley's England.

What Will Russia?

(Continued from Preceding Page)

twentieth century and the variations of Russian foreign policy up to the Finnish war and its effect on world opinion are given in considerable de-

tail where facts can be obtained, and with critical caution where they can not. Great reserve is exhibited in passing explicit judgments of approval or disapproval, and every effort is made to prevent the implicit coloring of the account by the prejudices inevitable to any historian. The style however is consistently dry and somewhat pedantic, concentrating on general movements to an almost excessive avoidance of the individual picturesque. There are three large maps, and several useful small maps in the text. There are also a number of small pictures in the text, nostalgically reminiscent of the school history-texts of our childhood.

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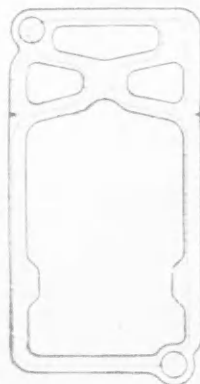


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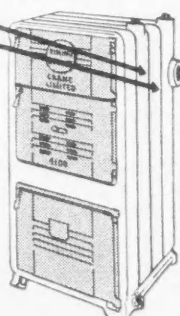


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WORLD OF WOMEN

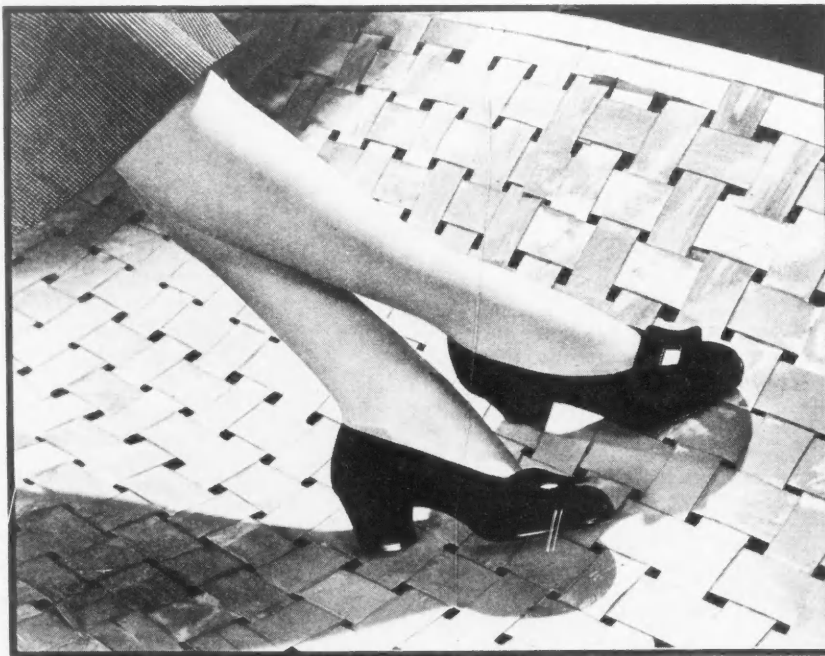
Dinner in Montreal

BY BERNICE COFFEY

NOT the least of Montreal's attractions is the diversity of places where one may dine. Indeed it would be strange if this was not so. Isn't this city a cosmopolitan port, the largest city in Canada and, more important, isn't it predominantly French

Abbie who is a piquant blend of Scotch, French and Irish ancestry. He wears a tall white chef's cap and invites the guest into the kitchen where a charcoal grill glows in a corner fireplace.

There isn't a menu in the place, but



ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PUMP—the shoe classic of which well-dressed women never become tired. This year they will welcome the news that shoes of this type are to be had with low heels so that smartness may be combined with comfort.

with all that implies in the practice of the culinary arts?

There are the large gaudy places where the floor show and master of ceremonies alternate with dancing on a floor the size of a handkerchief. The food inevitably comes in a poor second. And there are the Bohemian places where you eat bortsch, listen to Russian singers left over from the last war and, perhaps, dance a little. Then there are those places where the matter of dining is treated with becoming seriousness.

For instance, Au Lutin which is presided over by Monsieur McAbbie. On the outside Au Lutin looks like a small Norman castle with its red-brick turrets. Inside, walls of the red-tiled foyer are covered with paintings done by the staff. The visitor is greeted by Monsieur Mcnobody bothers about that for the

menu hasn't changed in four years. In the kitchen you and Monsieur McAbbie decide what you would like—fillet mignon, one of those squabs resting in neat uncooked rows in a large pan, or frogs' legs. The subject of wines also comes in for some animated discussion. This settled, you stroll into the aquarium and greenhouse and inspect a large illuminated tank where several well-fed goldfish and two enormous carp take their ease. Amid the greenery around the tank sit dozens of motionless live frogs, their large unblinking eyes glittering like super-size jewels. If you've just ordered frogs' legs you can't escape a slight twinge of conscience.

And so to one of the tables in the dining-room where there is a large fire-place, a concert grand piano, and more paintings on the walls.

Those who haven't met the small pig who has the freedom of the house will do so now. He is a very pink little animal with a tight curlieue of a tail, a high tenor squeal, and a suspicious eye.

Meanwhile a pleasantly anticipatory period is passed with wine and hors d'oeuvres. There's the music, too. At first it is a bit of a shock to glance up and discover that it is your waiter who is seated at the piano. But then they have to be both painters and pianists to become waiters for Monsieur McAbbie. His sharp brown eyes gleam with enthusiasm behind his glasses as he tells you that artists must have the means to study and this is his way of contributing to the development of Canadian art. He paints too, and calls your attention to his landscape out there in the foyer.

The food, when it arrives, is superlatively good. Devoid of frills, every flavor is allowed to speak for itself. When the last morsel has disappeared from the glazed earthenware plate, the moment arrives to decide about dessert. Will you have apple pie with cheese, apple pie au flambé—or apple pie? "We're rather famous for our apple pie," remarks the waiter. It smacks of Hobson's choice, so apple pie au flambé gets the nod.

Here's a dish with Drama. The candle on the table is extinguished so that none of the effect will be lost. Then the pie is brought to the table and the rum which has been poured over it is ignited by the waiter. "We pour a little water on it before the



SCULPTURE BY RAY SHAW

THE HANDS OF Fannie Hurst Author

She wrote drama, adventure and romance into the lives of plain people. She found inner radiance beneath the outer drabness of their work-a-day lives. Her president is BOB, IMITATION OF LIFE, LUMINOUS and BACK STREET, rank high in American literature, a world-honored author and humanitarian. Miss Hurst's watch is a Longines Vibre

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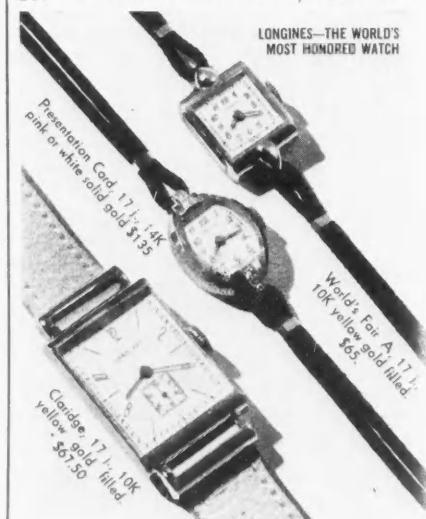
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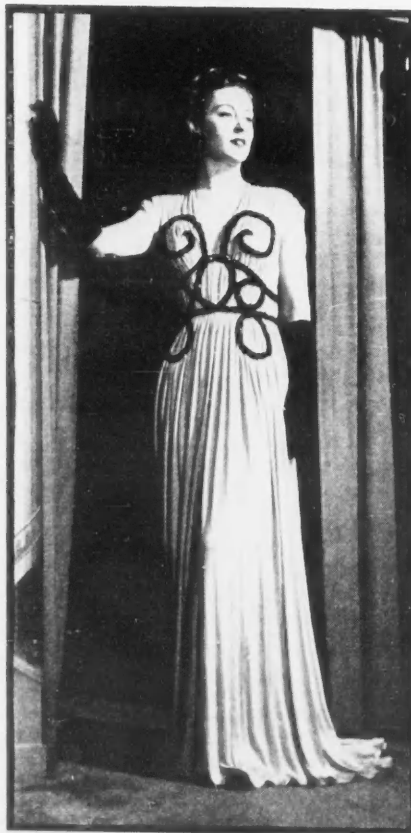
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rum so that it will burn better.")

Ah, what a lovely sight it is with blue flames flickering and dancing over the plate as you spoon the liquid like mad so that the flames won't disappear too quickly. The candle is re-lit, the onlookers relax, and you take up your fork and begin. Apple, crust, and pecan ice cream which crowns it all, are wedded by the flavor of burned rum into a symphonic blend of heavenly flavors. Here, indeed, the homely apple pie emerges as a lordly dish. And when the last of it has disappeared you are ready to regard even the pig as a brother.

Few are the places in Canada where dining offers greater pleasure than this.



THE NIGHT BRILLIANCE of jet is scrolled over a beautifully draped pale blue jersey evening gown of classic line. An original by Bergdorf Goodman.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Counting Before They're Hatched

BY IRENE LANSING

NOW that all the sound and fury of the fashion openings has subsided, we hear that the New York fashion industry is feeling just a wee bit sheepish. Someone took the trouble to count the number of startled designers who had been yanked out of obscurity and set up in the public

prints as the Big Names who would make New York the new Paris. Now, not even in the heyday of Paris were there that many couturieres and to produce eighty-seven really outstanding designers out of a hat is a pretty large order—even in the United States.

When the smoke cleared away the same few American designers who have long established reputations for producing beautiful clothes were found still on their pinnacle and in no danger of being overcrowded, thank you.

Orchid Oracle

Some orchid lore from one who knows the things from bud to blossom:

Many brides who are not having formal weddings are adding a small festive note to their costumes with a corsage of orchids. Deep black purple orchids on blue or green traveling suits are wonderful. For the bride who wears brown, the green or brown cyp is best. Nothing is smarter than a cluster of the dusty, apricot cymbidium, plucked from their long branch—which often has as many as thirty flowers. A recent bride wore an enchanting grey ensemble with a turban to match to which was fastened a single purple orchid. The effect was stunning.

White orchids top wedding veils when the bride carries a prayer book. Often a single spray of phalaenopsis is carried with the prayer book.



CARTRIDGE CANEAU—Boat shaped and beautiful, and worthy of great occasions. Gold metal and crystalline lucite loops make the frame and the trim cartridge pleats carry out the "length" credo so prominent this Fall. Designed by Koret as a companion piece for tailored, plastic-trimmed shoes. Worn with matching suede gloves.



REMINISCENT of the days of the dons is the steel gray felt hat with leather stitched brim shown above. It is shaped like the hats worn by the California padres, with the brim rolled only on the sides and dipping low at front and back. Dark brown leather is used as trim for the brim, as well as a strap bow on the shallow brim. The hat is worn with a tailored coat dress of grey flannel embroidered in bronze thread.

The purple accent that is smart this season can be introduced into the ensemble by an orchid corsage.

Cyps—the sturdy, long-lived green and brown orchids—are perfect with tweeds, brown dresses, wool coats and brown Persian lamb.

Few women can stand the four or five-branched orchid without looking like Diamond Lil. Most women wisely limit themselves to one or two in the corsage.

A well-groomed woman takes care of her gloves, her shoes and her handbags. She also knows how to keep her orchids in good shape for a week. Place them in the ice box or in a cool place out of a draft and take them out each day, snip a tiny piece off the stem, and wear them carefully. If your orchid is not wired, and you are careful in pinning it on your coat, furs, or dress, it will last a full week with care.

Siren Styles

It takes more than a total war to eliminate women's interest in what they wear. Famous London dress-makers refuse to be pushed around by the Luftwaffe and still continue to show their models.

"I was at one dress show recently which carried right on through an air raid," says a recent letter. "We were sitting back in our chairs in a luxurious gold and green salon in the heart of Mayfair, enjoying cups of tea provided for us and watching the elegant mannequins displaying the new season's styles, when suddenly the siren sounded. Nobody made a move. The show went on!"

"Later the spotter on the roof rang his bell to indicate that enemy planes were overhead, so we all went down to the basement shelter, where the parade continued."

"Here, instead of the carpeted luxury of the upstairs salon, there were concrete floors and whitewashed walls with wooden benches to sit on. Nevertheless the mannequins succeeded in making the gowns they wore look completely glamorous, and as somebody was thoughtful enough to bring the tea tray downstairs, we carried on quite comfortably."

"Warmth and simplicity were the keynotes of the new modes. Hand-woven tweed suits with high revers seemed the most popular type of garment, and pockets played an important part on both suits and coats. Skirts are seventeen inches from the ground. One very noticeable feature was that very high heels are no longer smart—medium cuban shape or flat wedge heels are most favored."

Best Foot Forward

With everyone in a tizzy about the respective merits of New York and

BEAUTY FOR THE
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WOMAN



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QUICK MAKE-UP KIT

Elizabeth Arden has come to the aid of nine-to-five beauty! This beauty case is filled with all the Elizabeth Arden preparations required for the quick clean-up and dramatic make-up which are so badly needed for "straight from the office"

dates. The Quick Make-up Kit is indispensable to busy women in and out of the office! Superb for week-ends, too. Covered in alligator grain fabrikoid in black and a choice of colors:



10 Preparations
\$6.85

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Salons: SIMPSON'S—Toronto and Montreal

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STUDY BY

Viola Keene.

To meet the increasing demands for a very small photograph of fine quality. The Portrait Studio is now offering (until Christmas only) a 4" x 6" "Half Figure Study", so suitable for Christmas gifts, to send overseas, and for small leather cases.

6 for 15.00 — 3 for 10.00

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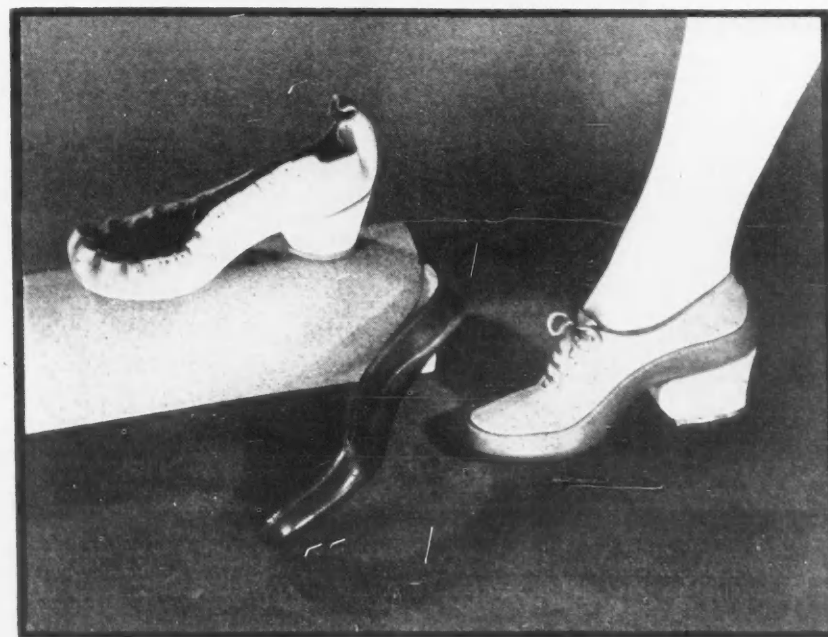
Paris designers, it is comforting to give shoes a thought. For here is one branch of wear about which there need be little argument. Thanks to the shoe designers of this continent, Canadian and American women enjoy a reputation for having the prettiest and best shod feet of women anywhere.

You've probably worn a good many Jodel originals during the past eight years, totally unaware of the creators' identity (the name represents the combined talents of two young men). They have been ghost-designing for top-flight makers all over the country. Remember the leather-laced playshoe called the Gaytime? the Empire? Have you seen the new carved wood heels... the styles in Vinylite? Well, Jodel had two fingers in each of them.

The boys have just completed the design for a new shoe which is molded

to the contour of the foot without a break between the sole and upper. They have made use of a new water-proof dye, so you can have the whole sole of the shoe as well as the top in color to match any costume. And they tell us you can patter colorfully about in even the rainiest weather without worrying about wet feet or being blitzed by the flu. Why? says you. Because (a) the leather is water-resistant and (b) there's no seam for the dampness to seep through. See?

A note for the practical-minded is the special sturdiness of the leather it wears and wears. It's called the Native—probably because the principle of the thing was swiped from the moccasins worn by Indian squaws. The design has been bought by a well-known manufacturer and we'll be seeing it around very soon.



ON YOUR UPPERS—in a new type of shoe in which the entire lower half of the shoe, including the sole, is molded in one piece. Seen above are three variations in the designing and making of the shoe. Finished shoe is beige suede with brown lower.

DRESSING TABLE

Women In Uniform

BY ISABEL MORGAN

WE DON'T quite know what to make of recent reports from London that some English women are tinting their hair pink. It seems that the gentlemen over there have been showing some preference for brunettes. The explanation for this apparent upset of the natural laws is that the dark-haired girls are more attractive in khaki uniforms than are blondes. The new pink tint is the invention of a West End hair stylist who has come to the rescue of the light-haired girls so that they can wear khaki as becomingly as their brunette sisters.

Khaki is one of the most difficult colors for anyone. It was not chosen for becomingness, but to afford concealment. Women who wear it will be

well-advised to go into a huddle over the cosmetic counter with a view to getting the shade of powder and other items of make-up that best overcome its dun, drab effect on complexions—that is, regulations permitting.

Glass Chair

Those who yearn to inject a completely modern and dramatic note into the dressing or powder room, need look no further than a lucite (stuff that looks like glass) chair which they'll find in the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's). It's the sort of thing you would expect to find in the boudoir of the fairy queen of an enchanted castle—that is, if you get



JEWELS AND FURS—Fastened to the tiny loop collar of a mink coat are magnificent gold and diamond clips centered with carved emeralds. The bracelet, perfect with the new shorter sleeves, is bevelled platinum crowned by yellow diamonds.

around much in such circles. The entire frame is made of the transparent stuff with the back forming a fleur de lis design. The seat is tufted in muslin in readiness for a covering to match the color scheme of the room in which eventually it will find itself.

Autumn Scent

Clear tang of a late garden with bright leaves swirling around the stems of tall chrysanthemums is the image conjured up by a whiff of Helena Rubinstein's Autumn Garden Cologne. It's a pleasant fragrance that captures the mood and spirit of autumn days, wood fires, and wool suits. Those whose fancy is captured by it will want to use it lavishly after the bath, as a skin perfume, on fur neckpieces, and on suits and coats. You might even try spraying it around the house to heighten the spicy scent of the autumn flowers.

Smile, Please

A spontaneous smile that conveys warmth and sincerity is the most valuable asset a woman can have, according to a man who has made it his business to criticize and improve faces. Hollywood is his test-tube.

"Smiling is the first requisite for a successful screen test," says he. "You can't even be a good tragedian unless you can win the sympathy of your audience with your smile."

He believes that any woman can have a charming smile. That there is nothing that could possibly be wrong with it that a dentist, a make-up artist, and a pleasant disposition can't cure.

A defect in teeth causes many women to avoid smiling and to be misunderstood by new acquaintances. A woman cannot make a better investment than to see a good dentist and have the defect corrected.

Some lips are too thin for a pleasing smile. If they are properly made up, the entire character of the mouth can be changed. In such a case, make up the upper lip first, then with your lipstick extend the lipline a little outside of the natural lipline and fill in. Make up the lower lip by compressing the lips together. Then fill it in.

With both of these possibilities covered, if the lady doesn't have a lovely smile she is advised to try to feel a little more kindly toward her fellow men.

Linger Long

We hesitate to say that any lipstick is so permanent it won't leave some mementoes of its presence on the ends of cigarettes or the handkerchief, but one of those which approach nearest to this ideal state of affairs is the Don Juan. Its makers say that if one is prepared to take some care in its application it will cling to the lips, where it belongs, for hours and hours instead of spreading its tattle-tale presence over the rims of coffee cups, or what have you.

Here's how to get the best results. After applying a generous quantity leave it for five or more minutes, then blot the lips gently with tissue to remove the remaining surplus.

It's a woman's business to look younger than she is!



Is an "acid" skin making you look older than your age? Don't let it! Here's a wonderful new way to help overcome ACID SKIN!

If you are discouraged because your skin seems "acid," because it is susceptible to blemishes such as enlarged pores, blackheads, oily shine or scaly roughness, and is losing its fresh tone and smooth, supple texture—

Put these beauty-giving, ten-hour Acid-Magnesia creams to work on your skin.

How they work. Just as Milk of Magnesia acts to relieve an internal condition of excess gastric acidity, so in these new-type creams it acts externally on the excess fatty acid accumulations, in this way helping to overcome the premature age signs of an "Acid Skin."

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. This remarkable cream makes it possible for your skin to have all the acid-neutralizing benefits of Milk of Magnesia in a form which holds this helpful ingredient on long enough to be actively effective in neutralizing the excess fatty acids which accumulate on the skin.

An ideal foundation cream. Until you use Phillips' Texture Cream you won't believe that a cream can take and hold make-up so marvelously! This is because the Milk of Magnesia prepares the skin properly by

smoothing and softening roughness, and removing oiliness and shine, so that powder and rouge go on evenly and last without touching up.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. And here's a delightfully different cleansing cream, too. The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess acid accumulations as it cleanses, and gathering up the dirt in an emulsion which is easy to wipe off. Try it and see how thoroughly clean your skin is after a cleansing with it!

Have a skin that makes you look younger—not older than you are! Guard against the flaws of "Acid Skin" with these beauty-giving Milk of Magnesia creams—the only creams which contain beneficial acid-neutralizing Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



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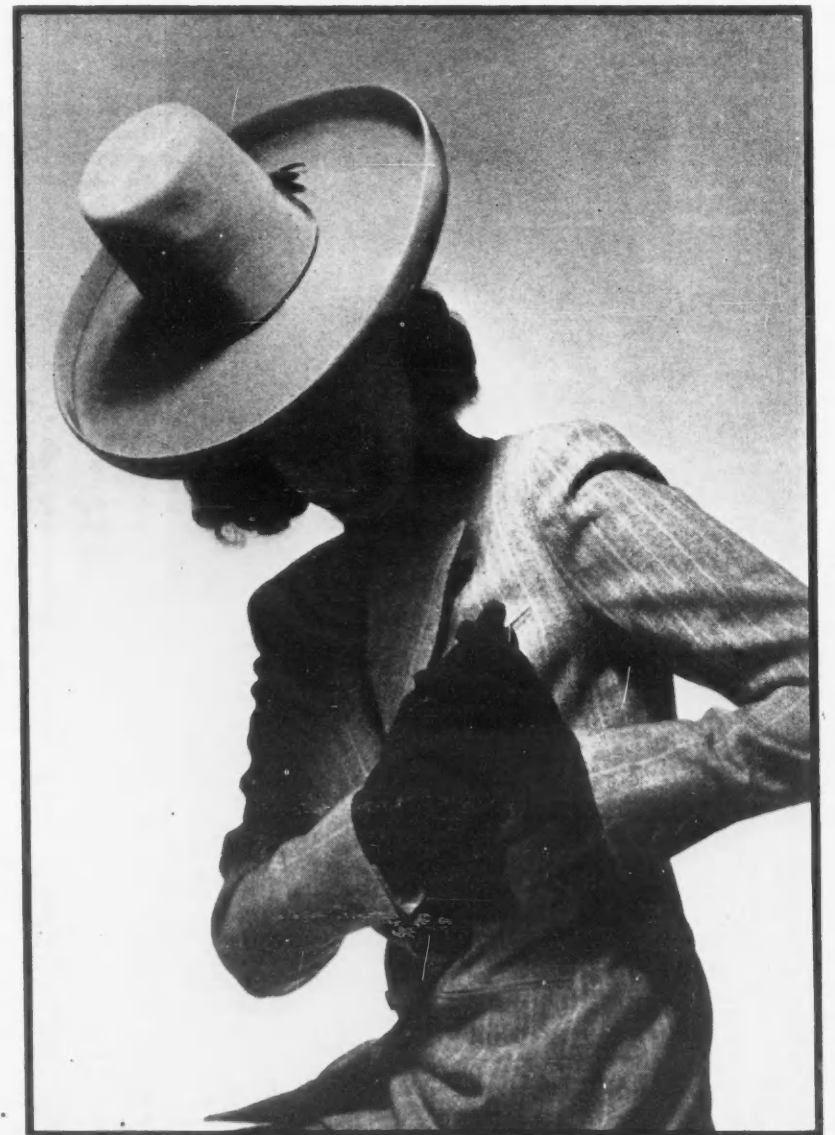
Not only will the lipstick stay on without retouching when applied in this manner, but the thin, transparent film remaining on the lips will enhance their color with nary a hint of that coated look if you're a good girl and do as you are told.

The new Don Juan lipstick comes in an attractive red plastic case, ornamented with a small white cameo. Comes in a number of attractive shades of which the newest is Military Red, a real red-red.

Notes

THE annual Dixon Hall dance will take place on Friday, November 8, at Columbus Hall, Toronto.

After the Promenade Symphony Concert in Toronto at which Mr. Ernest Hutcheson was guest soloist, recently, Miss Mona Bates gave a party at her studio for Mr. Hutcheson when those present had the pleasure of listening to an impromptu concert by the famous pianist.



FROM THE LAND OF THE CABALLEROS south of the border came the inspiration for this beige felt hat with high sugar-loaf crown and wide brim which curls up at the edges. A style that is especially becoming to those who are tall.

THE FILM PARADE

Deanna in Three-Quarter Time

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT'S hard to say why Deanna Durbin's latest picture was called "Spring Parade" unless it was just to fool those Viennaphobes whose natural impulse is to steer clear of the Blue Danube and all its tributaries. It should have been called "Waltz-Time in Vienna" or "Deanna in Vienna" or just "The Blue Danube" without equivocations. Certainly the famous waltz has never had a more thorough workout than it gets here. Bands play it incessantly, Deanna trills it with variations, even the shop bells tinkle it whenever anybody pops into the confectionery for a half dozen cheesecakes.

Naturally none of the other conventions are neglected. There are all the usual happy dirdled peasant girls, passionate pastry cooks, beer gardens thronged with merry widows and chocolate soldiers, old Franz Josef as the tutelary god of young love, a young musician hero (by a minor infraction of the rules he doesn't turn out to be the junior Strauss), and of course one of those plots that can't go wrong any more than a chocolate soda can go wrong.

With me it's usually a strict case of Blue Danube stay away from my door. In this case, however, Deanna seems to make all the difference, perhaps because no one could be less Viennese than Mr. Pasternak's *wunderkind*. She's as young as ever and as blessedly free from tricks; and even a tilted sailor and a nose veil can't add any more coquetry than is suitable to her years. With her still adolescent charm, bossiness and high spirits she has so much the air of enjoying every minute of her wonderful career that you'd have to be a mean Miss Minchin to grudge her any of it.

In "Spring Parade" Mr. Pasternak cunningly arranges to have Deanna concealed behind a pillar when she receives her first kiss so that you know what's going on without having to witness it. You might think that Deanna, now eighteen, is old enough to be kissed in public, but Mr. Pasternak, who ought to know, seems to feel the fans aren't quite ready for it yet. And after all you can't argue with a producer who has made eight box office successes in a row.

A PRESS release has just come to hand describing Hedy Lamarr's latest role, in the comedy "Comrade X." In it Miss Lamarr, co-starred with Clark Gable, runs what is described as "the full gamut of assignments for a comedienne."

"She scraps with another girl, slapping, wrestling, hair-pulling, etc."

"She tries to hit Gable with a chair, throws a telephone at him, bites his hand, kicks him in the stomach and whacks his face."

"In return she is slammed on a bed and whacked by Gable."

"She hops aboard a moving freight car, lies on the floor of a careering

speeding automobile and is yanked out by Gable."

"She has to drive an army tank and has to splash around inside with the machine nearly full of water."

"She wears a comedy nightgown made of burlap."

This is only a partial list of what Hollywood understands by the full gamut of comedy—anything short of

total physical collapse and permanent disfigurement, but not too far short. So you can imagine the feelings of script writers Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein when they were handed S. N. Behrman's polite and discursive "No Time For Comedy" and invited to rough it up for the fans.

The Messrs. Epstein did their best but it must have seemed a pretty weak-spirited best to Hedy Lamarr's fierce collaborators, who obviously

think with the blood. Once James Stewart drops a chocolate mousse, there's a fist-fight in front of the theatre in which Allyn Joslyn gets a black eye and the three principals end up in police court. The hero's personality has been completely altered too—he's a simple rural character here with an unconscious gift for comedy. Nobody else in fact but our old friend—that Mr. Smith who went to Washington. All these changes take part in the first half of the film. The second half goes more cerebral with some rather baffling dramatic overtones. I liked it on the whole. The first part is rough and funny, the second polite and witty with plenty of the original Behrman comedy lines coming through. You won't believe a word of it but you'll find it entertaining.

EVACUEE COMPETITION

WE OFFER two prizes, of \$10 and \$5 respectively, for the best and second best essays, not exceeding one thousand words, on "My Impressions of Canada," written by an evacuee from the British Isles now attending school in Canada. Entries must reach this office by noon of Saturday next, October 26, accompanied by a letter from the Canadian guardian or a master or mistress of the school attended, stating that the writer is the real author of the essay, was sent to Canada in 1940 mainly for safety from enemy attack, and will not attain the age of 16 years until after next Saturday.

There is no necessity for the "Impressions" to be complimentary. In fact we hope for a little criticism.



Bride's Counsel

The efficient staff of the Bride's Counsel at Simpson's is wise to the ways of brides and their problems. Consult them about the trousseau, the wedding day, the new home. They do "countless" little extras that mean so much to brides.

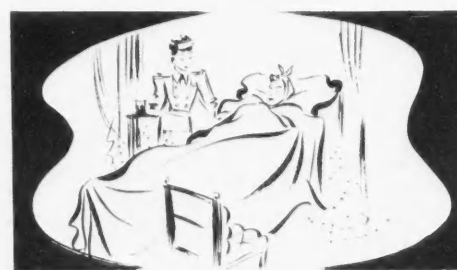
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André

—of the Salon André, designs and custom-makes magnificent fur models, cloth coats and costumes. André originals have the creative individuality, the distinguished workmanship, the exquisite quality of the finest custom salons.

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We enjoy doing the scores and scores of little services which make for friendly, pleasant relations between Simpson's and those who shop here. We enjoy doing the "little extras" that often come as a surprise to many who feel a store as large as Simpson's is interested only in selling goods. Thoughtful courtesy and helpfulness pervade Simpson's service. Our salespeople are quick to sense your personal tastes and are diligent in their efforts to help you find exactly what you want.

Many little extra services add to the pleasure and value of every purchase—they are yours for the asking. On Saturday, we closed our 68th anniversary celebration. In the crowded years between 1872 and 1940 enormous changes have taken place in the methods of store-keeping, yet the success of Simpson's has always depended upon the all-important human element—the friendly and helpful interest of Simpson salespeople whose first job is to make you feel this is your store—the place where you feel most at home shopping. Here are a few sketches of what goes on in the way of special services at Simpson's. There are many, many others.

Simpson's

WHERE TORONTO SHOPS FOR QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES



WILLIAM PRIMROSE, solo violinist with Toscanini's orchestra, who will be guest artist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on October 29, when the first Canadian performance of "Ballade for Viola and Orchestra" will be given. The music was composed by Toronto's Godfrey Ridout.

THE LONDON LETTER

The Skies of England Still Remain English

FROM a sand-dune on the coast I watched an air-battle—very like other air-battles that I have seen in this southeastern corner of England, but on a rather larger scale and with more than the usual amount of incident. It seems to me worth describing, not as anything especially dramatic

BY P.O'D.

London, Sept. 10th, 1940.

(though it was dramatic enough, Heaven knows!), but simply as the sort of thing that has become a matter of almost daily routine, and be-



The Case of Dr. Caldwell

A young man with a future

It's been a big year for Dr. Caldwell. Last spring, while he was still an interne he married a lovely young nurse. And now, with her as his assistant, he is hanging out his shingle. He knows he won't earn much at first . . . that he can't afford the usual level premium rate for the amount of permanent life insurance he feels he needs for his wife. But he is confident his income will substantially increase in a few years . . .

What Kind of Life Insurance Program for a young man who expects to get ahead?

The Prudential offers a policy called the Modified Life 5.

Q: What is the Prudential Modified Life 5 Policy?

A: It is a "whole-life" policy issued in amounts of \$5,000 or more, and having a "Modified" premium arrangement.

Q: What does "Modified" mean?

A: It means a change in premium rate. In this case the premium for the first 5 years is one half the premium in later years.

Q: Does this policy provide optional methods of settlement?

A: Yes.

Q: What happens if the person insured is disabled and can no longer pay premiums?

A: If total and permanent disability, as defined in the policy, occurs before age sixty, then the insurance remains in force without any further premium payments during such disability.

Q: Does this policy participate in dividends?

A: Yes.

The Modified Life 5 Policy is one of the many Prudential policies designed for a particular situation. There is a Prudential policy to fit every life insurance need . . . a Prudential premium-payment plan to fit every purse. For further information on how your particular life insurance problem can be solved, see your local Prudential representative, or write the Home Office.

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cause in a way it had a kind of desperate beauty.

The day and the setting were perfect, the greenish waters of the Channel flecked with white, the yellow dunes, the wide fields stretching away to the North Downs back of Hythe and Dover, and over all the radiant blue of the summer sky, with the rounded white clouds sailing majestically across it like a fleet of galleons. Nothing could be more lovely, nothing more peaceful until, gradually at first but more and more clearly, one became aware of a vibration in the air, a droning pulsation that grew steadily more powerful. They were coming!

A couple of miles away a siren sent out its wailing note of warning, and finally we saw them—a big formation. Eighty or more, it seemed to me, though it was difficult to count them, for they were flying very high, well above the clouds behind which they were lost to sight every now and then.

Besides, at that great height even a huge bomber looks no larger than a silver midge. Even as one strains one's eyes to see it, it merges into the blue and is lost. And well beyond the bombers were the escorting fighters, so small as hardly to be visible at all, except when they caught and reflected the sunlight.

They were flying beautifully in formation, a spearhead of nine machines, with other broad arrows behind and on either side coming—almost endlessly, it seemed—out of the clouds. On their way to attack London, we assumed, and we wondered (as one is apt very foolishly and ungratefully to wonder at times) why our fellows were not doing something about it. We were not left to wonder very long.

SUDDENLY the superb formation began to show signs of disturbance. The bulk of the bombers held steadily on their way, but here and there the lines wavered and bent. Machines became detached, some dropping back and others forging ahead of their proper place. Up above them the fighters seemed to have given up their forward flight, and to be making great circles in the air, the white smoke of their exhaust trailing behind in sweeping curves against the blue. And every now and then one heard the faint crackle of machine-gun fire, or the heavier pom-pom-pom of the cannons the Germans carry. The battle was on!

Just how or from what direction our fellows came into it, I couldn't say. There are people who claim to be able to distinguish our machines from theirs, however high they may be flying—some process of intuition, I suppose—but I possess no such gifts. They all look alike to me, and sound alike, until they are just overhead. And by then I am usually looking around for some nice dry ditch or hedge to jump into.

The only thing I could be sure of was that some of those tiny silver machines circling about in the blue or dodging in and out of the clouds were ours. It looked like a game, a sort of celestial tag, with each trying to get behind or above the other, and then dash in for the final touch—beautiful, if one did not know the deadly purpose behind each swoop and swerve and manoeuvre. The umpire of that game was Death.

FOR a long time it went on—or so it seemed, for there are occasions when minutes are like hours—with-out anything decisive happening. Then suddenly a machine came down through a cloud, swinging in a wide spiral towards the ground. As it got lower even I could see that it was a Spitfire—there is something leaf-like about the curve of the wings.

A little trail of dark smoke followed it, and then a red glow appeared just above the wings. It was on fire. Horrified I watched it, unable to turn my eyes away, as the curve of the spiral grew smaller, until suddenly it dived straight down at the ground about half a mile away. It gave a

jump, a cloud of dust and smoke flew up. When it drifted away, there was hardly anything to be seen—just a little flattened black heap on the green of the field.

Sick at heart I turned away, shaken by the thought of some fine young fellow hurled thus swiftly to his death. It was a minute or so later that I became aware of the parachute. It was then about ten thousand feet up, floating lazily along like a bit of thistledown. We could see the tiny black figure swaying gently from side to side, as the parachute drifted on the breeze. It came down so slowly that it seemed impossible he should hurt himself in landing. The only anxiety was whether or not he might be carried out to sea, or whether his Nazi opponent might not follow him down and shoot him on the wing. It is the sort of mark they love.

At the end the parachute seemed to come down with a rush, and then swung out along the ground dragging him with it. People rushed across to help him. He was a lad of about twenty or so, badly but not seriously burned, and rather bruised by his fall. He was a little dazed and shaken, but the first question he asked was about his machine.

"I hope it didn't hurt anybody," he said.

Two more machines came down in the course of the next twenty minutes—both German. In one case the pilot "bailed out" and floated down as the R.A.F. man had done. In the other a twin-engined Messerschmitt was forced down on the beach by a Spitfire. We saw only the end of the fight—the German diving down and swerving, with the Spitfire on its tail. There was a final rattle of machine-gun fire, and the German made a pancake landing on the shingle, skidding and buckling up his undercarriage.

THE machine landed so close to a regimental post that the soldiers, running up with their rifles at the ready, were on the scene almost at once. Two men got out—one of them wounded in the leg. The other, the pilot, was quite unhurt. With his hands in the air, he looked at the rifles and smiled.

"It's all right, you chaps," he said in perfect English. "We're not going to play any tricks."

I was told about it afterwards by the young officer in charge. He said the German was a nice-looking young fellow of about twenty-two or so, with pleasant manners, and as cool as they make them. He had lived for some time in England, and spoke English with hardly a trace of accent. He had a dragon painted on the side of his machine, and six marks to indicate his score—mostly French. When they commiserated with him a little on the luck being at last against him, he shook his head.

"I suppose I should be sorry not to be able to strike another blow for the Fuehrer," he said, "but as a matter of fact I am lucky to be here. I have got off light."

Hard to work up a proper hatred for a young fellow like that. But, fortunately for the maintenance of our national animosity at the right temperature, they are not all of that type. Some of them are just such truculent young swine as would warm the heart of Goering himself. I have heard of one lot, the crew of a Dornier, who were taken into an East Sussex town and kept in the police station until a military guard could come for them.

The pilot, a big hulking fellow, Nazi through and through, whiled away the time cursing everybody and everything English, the Royal Family, Mr. Churchill—especially Mr. Churchill—and announcing the horrible things that would be done to us all when the Blitzkrieg really got under way. His English was awful, but intelligible.

It went on for quite a long time, and then a policeman walked over and cracked him one on the jaw. When he came to, a couple of minutes later, his manner was no more genial, but he displayed a welcome reserve. The policeman, they say, was severely reprimanded but not too severely, let us hope. There are some things . . .

To return to the air-battle, I began to think it was over. I was wrong—there was still a lot to (Continued on Page 27)



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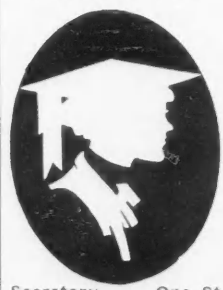
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This Was My First Air Raid

BY CHARLES W. STOKES

THE most hideous thing about any air raid—but especially your first—is the suddenness with which it can happen. It can happen, with no preceding siren to the bomb, as suddenly as between here and yonder door, and in doing so change your whole life and outlook. What was, the moment before, a lovely, beautiful sky—the sky that one's upward glances had always called heaven—becomes a cauldron of indiscriminate, mechanized death.

You get habituated, of course; even bored, as the hours of the warning drag on and the fight is inaudible overhead. But if you had built up the illusion that it just couldn't happen here, you never forget your first air raid.

It was on the evening of Thursday, August 15, that I was on my way home from our little suburban station, strolling along with an acquaintance and discussing practically everything except the war. For geographical identification, I live in a semi-rural community a few miles outside London's balloon barrage—and for the raid's objective, you had better consult a newspaper file. Now anyone living in or near London had by that time become so accustomed to aircraft that he did not generally bother about them. They had always been ours.

The Wrong Sort

But just then an unusually concentrated roar overhead led my companion to look up. "Look how dam' high they are!" he exclaimed. "And in formation! There're six of them—no, eight no. Say, how many can you see?" So we both stared upwards, mouths wide open like rubbernecks, to see who could count the most.

And then there was a terrific bang, very much like the beginning of a firework display. "Hell!" cried my friend; "They're the wrong sort!" So, being a half mile at least from any public shelter, we darted to a nearby

house, rattled the knocker, and were immediately admitted by a very frightened young woman.

Now this wasn't (though the details needn't concern the present occasion) my first baptism of fire. And I had heard the sirens many times before. But this was the first actual break through of the outer defences of London; and it came so calmly out of the clear blue of a warm, beautiful evening. And no siren blew.

Dogs Frightened Too

Anyway, there we were, in the hall of a stranger's house. It seemed full of young women, with a boy of twelve and a much more elderly woman, evidently grandma. There were also, I remember, two huge and very handsome dogs, very frightened too—perhaps from human contact; and one of the girls was crying that they should have been killed, as she had said. All were so terrified that they would not even go down to their shelter at the foot of the garden; but the old lady, with a life-long instinct, wanted to go into the kitchen because she had left the gas stove burning.

For some ten or fifteen minutes we stayed there, through a succession of loud blasts seemingly up on the hill, a mile or two away. Then there was a terrific roaring overhead, the cause of which, though we could not see it, was a dog-fight between the enemy and our Spitfires. Then dead quiet again, and my friend and I resumed our way. Front gates were thronged as people pointed excitedly to a huge column of smoke just beyond the hill. We had gone only three or four hundred yards when the sirens sounded. Evidently the authorities had decided that the rules must be followed; but we, taking no chances, dived into another house. This one was also apparently inhabited by young girls left alone;

but I did not see much of them, for they were under the couches and settees. So I borrowed a steel helmet from the hatstand (it belonged to their brother), finished the journey, and as I walked in at the front door the All Clear blew.

Eighty-five Raids

Well, that was the first. Up to the moment I write these words, I have, according to my diary, been through 85 since—a total that grows daily like the little figures turning over in the mileage dial. Not all of them, of course, have been accompanied by excitement "Overhead," probably not more than one in every five. Once in a while the bomb beats the sirens, but not often now. And like the musical comedy song, any time is siren time now. It may be midnight or midday, dusk or dawn. You may be at home, at work, on the street, in a street-car, at church, on the golf course, in your bath, eating your Sunday dinner. Occasionally you mistake for the siren the noise of a car accelerating in low gear, or a vacuum cleaner; and at this very minute a gang with a pneumatic drill, repairing some bombed water mains at the end of my road, are creating dubiety within a considerable radius.

You Get Used to It

But you get habituated, especially since the inauguration of the "spotter" system, by which a siren means only an alert. The street-cars, the busses and the trains carry on. The bridge table cocks an eyebrow and continues bidding, or discussing the iniquities of the domestic servant. The errant pedestrian, staking out with his eye a succession of public shelters, carries on, prepared if necessary to flop down against a fence or a shop-front. (Such a flop actually became one of my own experiences one Saturday morning, the tale of which is for another occasion). The milk is always there on the doorstep first thing in the morning, and the dustman and the postman still call, and the man to read the gas-meter.

Civilian Technique

These night raids, as a matter of fact, have developed a kind of civilian technique. Our own shelter room under the stairs (no protection against a direct hit, but then nothing is) is furnished permanently with easy chairs, cushions, ash trays, books, chocolates, knitting, and portable radio. Pinned on the wall is a type-written list of things to do—open all windows, draw all curtains, bring down pillows and blankets, turn off the gas main with the telephone numbers of the nearest A.R.P. and of friends with whom we might seek refuge if we have to evacuate suddenly because of a delayed-action bomb in the vicinity.

At 10.30 or so I, as head of the house, unroll the mattresses, wind the clock, and feed the furnace. Then we change to our "siren suits" and retire for the night. And, such is the resilience of nature, we sleep through most of it.

At first we couldn't. The dreadful bum-bum-booom of those Nazi planes, winging their way over to central London, penetrated even three walls. All one could do was to vow everlastingly to be good in future, and to go to Sunday school and be kind to mother-in-law, if only the bombs would miss us. About three a.m. such fatigue, however, would grip the eyelids that we lost interest even in penitence.

A New Noise

But soon before midnight on Wednesday September 11, an entirely new noise, strange to the ears of Cockneys, drowned those mosquito-like dronings. Apprehensive at first, we all sat up in bed; if this were bombs, then God help London! But there were no crumps, so reminiscent of breaking china, as the enemy let go his "stick." These noises were too continuous. They roared, with a kind of after-growl, like an angry mastiff, and roared again, and roared. Some

Even the dog ran away from me!



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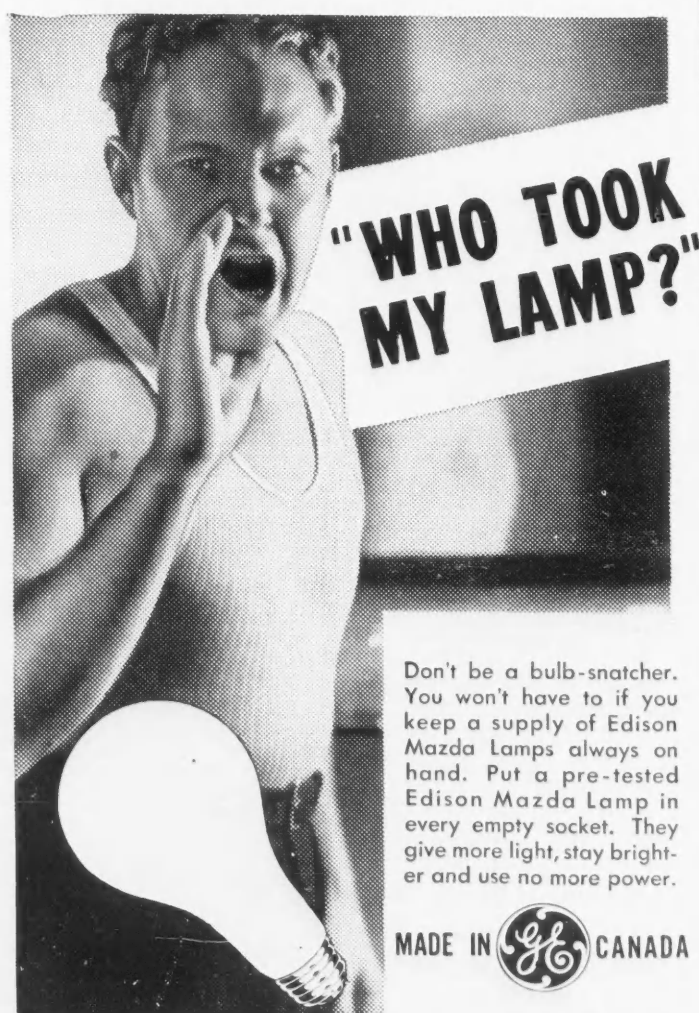
of them, comparatively close by, roared enormously.

And the frustrated, puzzled looks faded from the eyes, and grins overspread midnight faces, and, careless of personal safety, at least five million Londoners rushed to the windows and danced with joy at the sight of the shells bursting in the sky. It was the first night of London's giant barrage, the most wonderful and spectacular effort probably ever made in any war. We were safe.

Or fairly so—as safe as anyone could be on the front line.

And so the family circle now, settling down by the fireside, waits a

wee bit nervously for the barrage to begin. "A little late tonight," says father, glancing at his wrist watch and twiddling with his beaker of Scotch. "Don't fidget so," says mother. "You're so impatient." Then all at once Boom! And mother smiles and picks up her knitting, and father goes back to his income tax notice and daughter to her correspondence with various subalterns. Occasionally someone raises a head, to exclaim, "My, that was a big one!" And so to bed—and in the morning, if we are spared to see it, to go round the garden picking up the bits of shrapnel.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fritz Kreisler is Still Master of the Violin

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN physical appearance Fritz Kreisler has long been the most impressive of musical celebrities, and now that his mane of hair has turned grey, he looks nobler than ever. More important, he has never played the violin better in his life. He opened the concert season at Massey Hall this week and had with him an associate of many years, the Boston pianist Carl Lamson.

They make a perfect combination in works where each has an equal opportunity, as in the Mozart Concerto in G major. Mr. Lamson's touch is beautiful and his technique crystalline. The first movement of the Mozart work is rather dull, but the Adagio is a lovely lyric, and the Finale very jolly. Kreisler has enriched the Concerto with two cadenzas of his own devising; and his Stradivarius rang forth with a golden richness and breadth of tone that he has never surpassed. There is but one shortcoming in Kreisler's art—the weakness of his pizzicato; but all his other attributes are so superlatively fine that this may be forgiven.

The Mozart number was preceded by Bach offerings, the Suite in E minor, and two movements of the Sonata in C major for violin alone; nobly and fervently rendered. The latter work, like the famous Chaconne, is fascinating to violinists because in composing them Bach went far beyond the gamut of violin technique prevailing in his time. It would seem as though he foresaw the coming era of virtuosity.

The second part of the program was romantic. Of three Schubert transcriptions the most potent in emotional distinction was the Impromptu in G major. An episode of singular interest was the violinist's own arrangement of Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land;" the conclusion in muted harmonies was not only ineffable in quality but a masterpiece of execution. If possible, Kreisler's harmonies are today warmer and more flute-like than those of Heifetz.

A committee of forty well-known Toronto musicians headed by Mona Bates has devised a unique plan under the sponsorship of the War Savings Committee, and with the co-operation of Eaton Auditorium, the use of which has been donated. It is called "Musical Manifesto," and will consist of a series of five recitals by brilliant young pianists, the inaugural taking place on October 23. Patrons buying tickets for the series receive War Savings Stamps to the full amount of their purchase as well

as tickets of admission. Thus patrons will at the same time enjoy a series of delightful events, lay by money, and help Canada's war effort.

The Women's Musical Club of Toronto will open its season on Monday afternoon, October 21, with a recital of chamber music by the Musical Art Quartet of New York, headed by the renowned violinist Sascha Jacobsen.

Proms' Triumphant Close

THE seventh season of the Promenade Symphony concerts at Varsity Arena closed last week with a program of exceptional beauty. The season was the most successful in point of attendance yet recorded, with an average of slightly more than 5,000 paid admissions for 24 concerts, despite a serious slump during the dark days of June. The conductor, Reginald Stewart, and the organization itself ran well beyond past achievements in interpretation and quality of performance.

Many eminent guest artists have appeared, but none whose name is so definitely written into the musical history of America as the pianist, Ernest Hutcheson. As a pedagogue he stands in a unique position and his artistic progeny are everywhere. He has long been recognized as a master technician, but never has one heard him play with such abandon and delicate poetic fervor as last week. It was an exhibition of pure pianism (as distinguished from the flamboyant, orchestral type) which evoked memories of such exquisite artists as Rafael Joseffy and Leopold Godowsky.

Mr. Hutcheson has so long been identified with musical life in America that many forget he is an Australian. He was born in Melbourne in 1871, and watching him play it was almost incredible that his first public appearances were made in 1876, when as a child prodigy he toured his native land. The youthful ease and spontaneity of his finger technique was enthralling, and his touch the essence of poetry. The loveliness of his phrasing gave freshness to even so familiar a piece as Chopin's Black Key Etude. To hear his pianissimo trilling in thirds is an experience hardly to be described.

He played Edward MacDowell's beautiful Concerto in D minor, last given in Toronto by Teresa Carreno, to whom it was dedicated. The second movement demands speed and lightness which makes it a terror to

pianists and conductors alike. Execution has become so much second nature to Mr. Hutcheson that the whole Concerto seemed to be "sung" with the nonchalance of bird song, and the orchestra gave an admirable account of itself. Most of his other numbers were by Chopin and Liszt. The lightness and rhythmical beauty of his interpretation of Chopin valses was memorable, and Liszt's music ceased to be meretricious as he played it. Especially noteworthy was the transcription of the Spinning Song from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman", a rendering full of mystery and lyric grace.

The most important orchestral number was an arrangement for strings of the Bach Chaconne, by William Durieux, who was present and received an ovation when introduced by Mr. Stewart. It is gloriously rich and colorful, with extraordinary resource in variation. It was beautifully rendered; and the brilliance and efficiency of the orchestra in every section were demonstrated in such complex but popular works as Enesco's first Roumanian Rhapsody and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

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AT THE THEATRE

Good Part for Great Actress

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

FUNDAMENTALLY, there is, I suspect, a good deal of tosh in the substance of Mr. Philip Barry's comedy, "The Philadelphia Story," now running at the Royal Alexandra with the complete original cast all but two of the ladies—who are most competently replaced by Viola Roache and Ruth Holden. It depicts the process by which a young left-wing intellectual I fancy Mr. Barry himself is convinced that kind hearts may be found under coronets and simple faith can co-exist in Philadelphia with Biddle blood. In the course of that process the young intellectual has occasion to show a 24-year-old Philadelphia divorcee that her mildly errant ex-husband is a thorough gentleman, that her acutely noble fiancé is just loaded with clay feet, and that her own virtue can be—but fortunately isn't—undermined by three drinks of champagne. The dexterity with which Mr. Barry makes the audience, nine-tenths of which would behave

exactly as the fiancé does, feel superior to that unlucky man because he will not forgive his bride-to-be when he does not know, as the audience does, that she is technically and accidentally innocent, is most diverting, but the whole business is tosh just the same. Only Mr. Barry wears his tosh with a difference; he makes it into extremely good entertainment, and gets the Theatre Guild to give it a practically perfect cast, and Katharine Hepburn.

(Continued on next page)

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The Skies of England

(Continued from Page 24)

come. The raiders were returning. They had been gone three-quarters of an hour or so, just about the time to get to London, unload their bombs, and return—if they get as far as London.

Some of them certainly hadn't finished unloading their bombs, for I saw one of them drop half a dozen in a quiet little valley running up into the downs before he headed out across the Channel. And not all of them were returning. There was one formation flying high and in fairly good order—about a dozen machines or so. Others straggled along as best they could in twos and threes, and not many of those. Still others were flying singly, very low, and in obvious distress.

The first I saw come down was a huge twin-engine bomber, all shining with aluminum paint. It was flying slowly but steadily, as if it were trying to slip quietly away. But it was gradually losing height, and then I saw that one engine was dead. It barely cleared the sand-dunes, with the concealed machine-guns popping away at it, and then it came down flat on the sea about half a mile out from the shore, sending up great columns of spray.

While we were wondering about the fate of the crew, another bomber, a black one this time, came skimming over the fences hardly a hundred yards away—or so it seemed, as we hurriedly took cover. But it had no time to waste machine-gunning civilians. Smoke was pouring from it, and it was looking for a place to land. Very skilfully the pilot managed it, for the fields are full of special obstructions.

People and soldiers started running towards it to prevent the crew destroying it. They were too late. The crew had time enough to get out and fire a shot into the petrol

Great Actress

(Continued from preceding page)

Miss Hepburn has not previously appeared in Canada. No actress has ever attained so pre-eminent a rank on so few successes (cinema excluded), and no actress has ever seemed to this reviewer so utterly incapable of achieving a failure. How could the combination of intelligence (divination rather) and charm (fascination rather) which wrought this *Tracy Lord*—how could it possibly go wrong? The answer is that it has, often; that divination may have limits beyond which it cannot divine. But in this piece Miss Hepburn is perfect. She has to do a score of totally different things—the hard protective glitter of the sensitive girl shocked at her father's and her husband's failure to live up to her ideals, the sense of purposelessness of the young woman with too much money, the failure to "grow up" due to over-protection and mis-education, the breaking through of the subconscious will, the breaking down of inhibitions in the champagne scene, the readjustment of values after the unmasking of the fiancé—these and many other points are made with a sureness of touch that masks the very shaky construction of the play.

And is it shaky? Besides being fundamentally tosh, the piece is so loosely put together that anything but the smoothest acting would shake it to bits. The episode of uncle being passed off for father and father for uncle, which wrenches plausibility till it shrieks, is used for nothing but an amusing curtain and is never tidied up. The whole business of the New York publisher is simply a piece of dramatic machinery. The lady photographer—a delightful part—does nothing. Loose ends stick out all over the place. Yet by creating a role for Miss Hepburn and another for Lenore Lonergan, marvelous as her thirteen-year-old sister Dinah, Mr. Barry has put a continent in his debt. What the devil does construction matter? Besides, his dialogue is genuinely witty.

And five out of the ten "Best Plays" of the 1938-39 New York season have now been done in full New York style at the Royal Alex. Not bad, eh?

tank, or whatever it is they do. There was a loud report, a column of black smoke shot up, and in a moment the machine was burning fiercely.

Hardly had this happened before the next black bomber arrived. This one was being given a rough passage. Three Spitfires wheeled and dived just above it, forcing it down and down. It was a most thrilling and skilful display. The German made no reply to the bursts of machine-gun fire that were poured into him. He, too, was looking for a landing, and he found it just a few hundred yards from the first one.

Once again the soldiers rushed across the fields, and once again they were too late. No doubt the Germans are well prepared for such emergencies. Scuttling has become with them a complete science. The two or three minutes of grace were enough. Another bang, another column of black smoke, and another bomber was fast becoming a little heap of molten and twisted metal.

That was the end of the battle, and peace descended once more on the countryside—for a little while. Five to one! Not a bad score for one



THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIANIST and Polish patriot, Artur Schnabel, will give his first solo recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22nd.

little corner of the South Coast. And so back to tea, weary from too much excitement, but greatly heartened. If the Nazis are driving the R.A.F. from the skies, as they claim, apparently the R.A.F. haven't heard about it. So far as they are concerned, the skies of England remain English.

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CONCERNING FOOD

The Sidewalks of New York

BY JANET MARCH

"THE Sidewalks of New York" have taken on a new fascination for Canadians, who can no longer save their pennies and go down on a spree periodically. They seem just as crowded without us all, and when you start in to explain the Foreign Exchange Board's regulations to the natives they get a vague look and say "It all sounds very difficult." It does more than sound, it is. Try window shopping up and down Fifth Avenue when you know you can't buy anything, not even an absurd feather hat with tails which makes its wearer's conversation sound like clucking. The first day this rather burns you up, but then as always there are compensations. There are quite a lot of worthwhile things to do for nothing, for if you had money to spend in your pocket would you find time at dusk to sit on a stone bench watching the roller skaters at Rockefeller Centre with all the passers-by's voices dimmed by the splashing of the fountains and the queer autumnal scent of chrysanthemums in the big beds strong in your nose? Would you stroll up Third Avenue looking in the windows of the innumerable antique shops, jumping like a country hick each time the L crashes by, and would you bother eating in the little restaurants, when shopping exhaustion would in other days have kept you in the hotel of an evening?

After all you can enjoy the lighted tops of the skyscrapers for nothing and Mr. Wrigley's fish on Broadway still swim for your enjoyment right across from an automat—a good place for a patriotic Canadian to spend his few pennies, for they go further there than at Longchamps. Going from a country at war to one at peace is strange. Roosevelt and Willkie buttons adorn most chests for the election looms. True the newspapers talk in headlines of European doom, but most of the heated arguments centre on Republican and Democratic policies. "Win with Willkie" say the buttons. "Win What with Willkie?" say others. It's won-

derful being in a country still at least at nominal peace. You feel just like Rupert Brooke in Granchester.

"Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?"

The metropolitan variety of restaurants in New York is staggering. You could eat three handsome meals a day for weeks in different restaurants in any of the blocks between 40th and 55th Street. If you don't mind plain deal tables with an utter absence of any tablecloths, and a crowd so great that you usually have to stand before you can get a place, and you like Sea Food you should try "The King of the Sea" on 3rd Avenue near 53rd Street. The management is friendly, the prices low. They tie a business-like white bib around your neck and bring you a small sized wastepaper basket lined with a napkin full to the brim with hot clams. No good trying to eat here and make a theatre on time for clams take hours. Each one has to be opened and dipped into a cup of melted butter and then transported dripping to your mouth, hence the bib. The pile of clam shells on your plate grows till you seem to be eating somewhere up near your chin. While you are all tied up with your clam routine the waitress fetches your live lobster from the window which is filled with them, and presents it for your approval like a vintage wine. I bowed graciously to my victim while it snapped its claws, and it came back half an hour later bright red and succulent, with nut crackers provided to deal with its claws.

At a French restaurant laid out like a narrow tunnel the traditional waiter in tails brings you a blackboard with the *carte du jour* scrawled on it in chalk. Consulted, he recommends veal, just as Frenchmen have been doing for years. They seem to believe in veal or perhaps they believe in their great skill to make something worth while out of that rather tasteless meat. He was quite right and this is what it tasted like.

The lady who
never grows old



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Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING



A SCENE FROM PHILIP BARRY'S COMEDY, "The Philadelphia Story", appearing at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, and which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Herewith, Katharine Hepburn, the star, and Joseph Cotton.

Veau Braisé à l'Italienne

- 1 pound of fillet of veal
- 1 onion
- 1 carrot
- 1 turnip
- 6 strips of bacon
- 4 tablespoons of butter
- 1/4 cup of white wine
- 1 cup of white stock (Chicken preferably)
- Parsley

Cut the veal into strips about half an inch thick and two or three inches wide. Slice the vegetables fairly finely and cut the bacon up into half inch squares. Take a casserole dish and melt the butter in it then add the vegetables, pepper, salt, wine, a bay leaf and enough stock to cover them. Then put the veal on top and put a couple of strips of bacon on top, add the rest of the stock and cook in a moderate oven for an hour. If it dries up add more stock, but one cup should be enough. Strain the meat and the vegetables and put them to keep hot. Reduce the liquid left in the casserole and make a sauce with it by melting two tablespoonfuls of butter and adding two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper and the reduced liquid, and stirring until the sauce thickens. Add as well two tablespoonfuls of white wine. Pour this sauce over the meat and vege-

tables which have been piled in the centre of a platter and surrounded by creamed potatoes. Garnish with parsley.

Framboise à la Crème

Now that we can get frozen fresh fruit all the year those French recipes which call blithely for fresh fruit in the middle of winter can be made without ruination.

- 1/2 pound of raspberries
- 7 tablespoons of fruit sugar
- 1/2 pint of whipping cream
- 1 cup of milk
- 3 eggs
- Glacé cherries
- Sherry

Boil the milk and then let it cool and add to it the beaten yolks of the eggs and all but two tablespoonfuls of the sugar. Strain and half fill small glass baking dishes and oven poach until the custard sets, and then cool. Mix the fresh raspberries with the other two tablespoonfuls of sugar and crush them well. Put a teaspoonful of sherry on each of the custards, which by now have cooled, then a layer of the mashed raspberries and then heap with whipped cream and stick some sliced glacé cherries in the cream, or if you prefer, save a few of the whole raspberries and use them.



THE HART HOUSE STRING QUARTET which has begun its fall and winter season of concerts. Left to right, Milton Blackstone, Adolphe Koldofsky, Boris Hambourg, James Levey. —Photo by Rouny Jaques.



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"THE BACK PAGE"

Why Women Marry, In Case You're Interested

BY MAY RICHSTONE

WHY do women marry? Don't demand statistics. There aren't any. Because women have never consciously formulated a reason. Or they won't talk. They shrug off such a question or deftly turn the subject with an enigmatic smile. Or ask you to mind your own business. Or spread their hands in an eloquent gesture—and dash away to rescue something boiling over on the stove.

There are no statistics worthy of the name. But there's no harm in a few assumptions, conjectures and suspicions on the subject. It might even be fun.

Let's begin, just to dispose of them unceremoniously, with mercenary marriages. A hundred years ago, when a girl gazed adoringly into a man's eyes, she saw steak and potatoes reflected there. Today probably not more than five per cent of the women who angle for proposals are mercenary-minded. There are obvious reasons for this improvement in ethics. Women are no longer limited to marriage as a career and, alas, fewer men have worldly goods to offer. Broadly speaking, the man who can support a wife is probably doing so. In which case, it's difficult to marry him.

HAVING disposed of mercenary marriages in this cavalier fashion, we could now go into a detailed analysis of the romantic marriages that occur. We could, but we won't. Approximately ten per cent—very young women and women of uncertain age, but certainly old enough to know better—plunge into these romantic unions with an unaccountable blind recklessness. They can no more be swerved from their course than a hurricane. Like a hurricane, they seem to be driven by an elemental force that makes debris of any obstacle. Like a hurricane, they are something to be avoided, in life as well as in discussion.

Thirty per cent of women—most of them young—marry because marriage is a tradition; an 18K gold tradition that gleams in the limelight of fiction, advertisement and song. Life is desolate without romance,

the magazine stories reiterate. Life is bleak and barren without love, the advertisements insist. Love and romance, romance and love are the theme of almost every popular song. And what is love that doesn't culminate in marriage? A transitory joy, a bitter taste, an empty future, cinders, ashes, dust. And what is love that achieves marriage? A long, lovely dream of delight. Mass pressure isn't confined to politics when it comes to molding public opinion.

AT LEAST twenty-five per cent of the women marry because they are bored and discontented. Their work in the business world becomes monotonous and distasteful, home life seems to be a succession of petty disputes and unflattering truths, social life palls.

They may be successful in their careers. They may always have sworn by the conviction that "He travels fastest who travels alone." But traveling seems to have become all schedule and no scenery.

So when an eligible man appears upon the scene, the thought of marriage becomes suddenly a tonic, a panacea, a cocktail to infuse new warmth into the congealed veins of living.

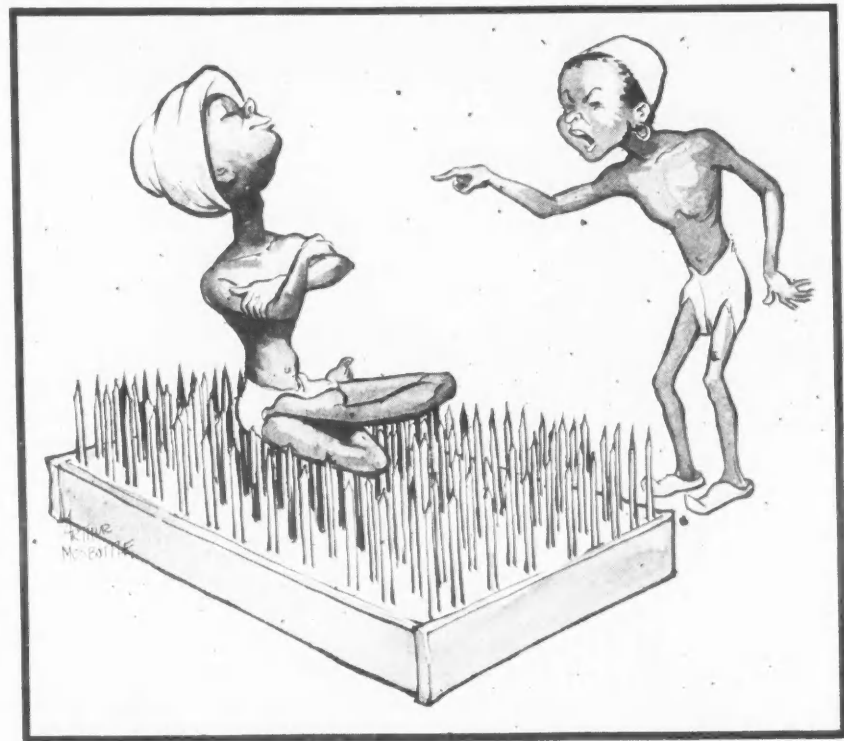
Included in this group are those women who do not permit themselves a static contentment, who must move forever toward the untried. Their goal is to taste life fully. Marriage is one of the courses—not necessarily the main one. To mix metaphors shamelessly, marriage means a hotel to them, not a haven. And their major piece of baggage is the timetable of the next train out.

IN DIRECT contrast to these adventurous souls are the possessive women—the ten per cent who marry for a home of their own. To them, home is defined as the place where each piece of furniture, each teacup is separately and lavishly cherished. And a man must be included as one of the possessions, to give all the others meaning.

With the man to be coddled, scolded and adored, these women set up little kingdoms in their home. The men are little toy kings who can do no wrong because the minister of state won't let them. There are no ministers of foreign affairs in these kingdoms. In fact, no other countries exist. And there are no civil wars, because the little toy kings quickly learn to be docile.

Our final twenty per cent of women marry just to prove to the world that they can. Times have changed, and woman is no longer restricted to the single career of marriage. But not to marry still, somehow, carries the stigma of defeat. An unmarried woman may lead a gloriously full life, her days just crammed with satisfying pursuits. But there are always people to cluck sympathetically when they turn their glances upon the frustrated unhappy "old maid". Too often, such well-meaning individuals are not strangers, easily avoided, but members of the family, to be endured beyond endurance. And so a woman marries to prove to the sceptical that she is a desirable commodity on the marriage market.

Of course, this subject of why women marry could be approached from other angles. For instance, ninety-five per cent of women marry



"YAAH, DEAD END KID!"

because they haven't the vaguest presentiment of what marriage is really like. They never dream that romance will be superseded by a taken-for-granted attitude; that, in the course of time, the wife may become to her husband as intriguing as a dish of oatmeal. It doesn't occur to them that a man may put away

his engaging qualities in moth balls with his dress suit, to be assumed for special occasions only. They never suspect how maddening a husband's little idiosyncrasies become on daily exposure to them. Petty details of housekeeping, economic problems, misunderstandings, they never visualize such a future.

This Very Precious Nonsense

BY W. S. MILNE

MR. ANONYMOUS has well said: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men", and an appreciation of the art of writing nonsense is fairly wide-spread among us who speak English. I do not now refer to nonsense political, sociological or professional, which masquerades as sense, but to nonsense—pure or impure, but seldom simple—which often conceals more sense than all the blue-books and editorial columns put together reveal. We have no sort of monopoly of political nonsense; of the other, richer sort, there is a precious abundance in our literature, an abundance that no other literature comes near to touch. A proof that we realize the precious quality of this gift is that when we want to characterize a thoroughly detestable character, we call him a man with no nonsense about him. Any country that has an appreciation of nonsense in its heart is safe from dictatorships within or without. Our critics sometimes think that we do not take life seriously, because we are more familiar with "Alice in Wonderland" than we are with the weighty tomes of more orthodox and non-nonsensical wisdom. They are quite wrong. Only the insane are perfectly logical at all times, within the bounds of their particular hallucination. It takes a very sane person to distinguish between sense and nonsense. Only those who have the norm of common sense can appreciate Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear. I am sure that Dr. Goebbels reads neither.

It is interesting to note that both these men were distinguished contributors to scientific literature. On

Queen Victoria's expressing a desire that the author of a book which had given Princess Alice such pleasure should send her a copy of his next work, Lewis Carroll presented the queen with "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants", a somewhat abstruse mathematical text-book. Edward Lear was at one time drawing-master to Queen Victoria, without lasting effects on either. Although he invented the limerick, he is also noted as the author of a standard work on parrots, "The Family of the Psittacidae". Lear's nonsense has a delightfully plausible air. In his introduction to his collected nonsense verse, entitled "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear", he says of himself, "He weareth a runcible hat". That word *runcible* is a delightfully plausible impostor. You feel that if it hasn't a meaning, it ought to have, and in time you can almost convince yourself that you have discovered its profound secret. I once knew a classics man and, in parenthesis, why is it that classics men are always so responsive to nonsense, economics men never?—I once knew a classics man, who went to one of the most distinguished firms of jewellers in Canada and told them he wanted a number of runcible spoons to give as Christmas presents. They were sorry that they had none in stock, but took his address, and promised to try to obtain some. A couple of weeks later, they wrote him a most polite letter, apologizing humbly for their failure to obtain any from any of the wholesalers with whom they dealt. Triumphs of this sort do much to sweeten life.

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Heinz Chicken with Rice Soup
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QUICK, hearty luncheons are easily built these days around delicious ready-to-serve Heinz Home-style Soups. Heinz makes your favourite soup in the good old-fashioned way—simmering ingredients slowly in small batches to bring out all the home-recipe flavour. You needn't add a thing—the first cost is the last cost! Try one of the simple luncheons shown above. And be sure to have a selection of tempting Heinz Home-style Soups on your pantry shelf—at all times.

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Stock Market is War's Psychological Barometer

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent
in London

The stock market is a gauge of the state of industry in peace time. In war time, it performs the additional function of a psychological barometer. It plummeted when the Germans overran France. It stood firm when London was bombed, upheld by the morale of the British people. It will probably not be until the final stages of the war are in sight that the market will really come to life.

THE stock markets are the traditional barometer of the state of industry and of national psychology. In wartime they become more exclusively the psychological barometer, and their behaviour since war started has been influenced by factors, almost completely removed from the habitual equation of profits, dividends, and prices.

In considering the state of the markets, and in estimating the value of the lessons to be derived from their conduct, it is necessary to bear in mind that the influences at work fall into two categories. The first category preserves the peacetime apparatus for the fundamental determination of price levels. That is to say, it contains the customary factors of company profits and dividends, and of yield bases devised in conditions suggesting the continuance of existing circumstances. The second category is the deeper one. Its reference is to the broad sweep of the war. Its front is where the battle is fiercest, and its base rests on the morale of the people.

Market Jitters

An indication of the comparative importance of these two sets of factors is that none of the major market movements since war began has been accompanied by any development of business in either direction. The all-round decline when the Germans overran France was not accompanied by any big selling movement, and the substantial recovery since then has been unbacked by any revival of actual buying. Yet the markets do not only look to the military front, even for day-to-day pointers. The bombing of London, when it first appeared in its savage intensity, did not bring prices down to any extent. They were held up by the evidence of the unbreakable morale of the British people.

This is not to say, however, that the purely economic reckoning is altogether left out of account. The raising of Excess Profits Tax to 100 per cent. could not fail to produce some effect, because a share must still be judged to some extent by what it returns to the holders. And the varying incidence of rationing, supply restrictions, and of special taxation, has brought its reflections. But these factors are those which are always associated with the broad trend of demand. They do not normally operate *in vacuo*, as technical influences, but by reason of their influence on the demand for the shares concerned. Therefore, the fact that business has been so severely reduced has meant also that none of these factors has been given the importance which it would have commanded in peacetime.

The Reasons

In discovering the reasons for the limitation of dealings it should be noted that the paramount hindrance has been the general reluctance of investors, both private and institutional, to operate at all. They have not been selling to any extent and they have not been buying. This influence is considerably more important than the more obvious and direct deterrents, such as the prior call of the government for available money (which, incidentally, might have been expected to have resulted in some general selling of stocks and shares so as to provide the means for taking

up government war loans), and the general uncertainty about profits and their translation into dividends. Here it is necessary to point out that this withholding from the markets is so powerfully based that even the great confidence about the war position which has developed in recent weeks has not resulted in a freeing of investment demand.

It is asked in many quarters, what will finally put an end to this apathy and bring dealings to a point of activity where they measure adequately

against price movements? There has been a powerful agitation for the government to reduce the Excess Profits Tax and to remove the moral ban on increases in dividend. But it is doubtful whether even if these things were done there would be any real revival of interest on the part of the ordinary investor. This is shown by the fact that price levels now allow yields in some cases between 75 and 100 per cent. higher than was obtainable before the war, and yet even so new buying has not been tempted. It is

highly improbable that even a further substantial increase in yields would do what the broad movement since the war began has failed to do.

Such improvement in activity as has occurred has been attributable solely to the growth of confidence in the war position, and it is here that the key must be looked for, which will open the door to a really active Stock Exchange. It is not altogether true to say that not until the war ends will there be anything like real business, but it is true to say that

the end of the war must be well in sight before anything like active conditions will return. And that remains true even if Germany suffers, as she is likely to suffer, some very hard knocks and if the British prospects grow ever more rosy. It is not until the final stage is visible that the markets will take life.

Nevertheless, it should not be overlooked that the recent trend of events has provided a good basis on which when the time comes, vivacity will be quickly restored to market dealing.

Four questions people ask

about life insurance dividends



1. What is a dividend?

In a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the premium paid by the policyholder is fixed at an amount somewhat greater than the company expects will be needed under normal conditions to pay for the cost of furnishing the insurance. This is a safety measure, in order to make sure that the Company has on hand at all times sufficient funds to cover any unforeseen contingencies that may arise.

The policyholder receives back, in the form of dividends, such amounts as past experience and present conditions indicate are not needed for the current cost of insurance or for the maintenance of the necessary reserve funds which assure payment of future policy obligations. Dividends are not usually available, of course, in the very early policy years.

2. How are dividends arrived at?

After premiums and interest from investments have been credited . . . after payments to policyholders and beneficiaries, and expenses, have been met . . . after the reserve which is required by law to insure the payment of future obligations has been set aside . . . and after provision has been made for an extra safety fund (the maximum of which is limited by the law under which Metropolitan operates) . . . any funds remaining are available for dividends. The Company apportions and distributes these funds to individual policyholders in such a manner that the dividend on each policy represents the refund due on that policy for the particular year.

3. Why do dividends sometimes fluctuate from year to year?

When you read the answer to this question, you may wonder why dividends don't fluctuate more!

The actual cost of life insurance depends primarily on three factors: the claim rate among the policyholders, the interest earned, and the running expense of the company. Any material change in any of these factors may increase or may lower the actual cost of insurance.

For instance, when a life insurance company receives less in interest, insurance must cost more than it otherwise would. During the last ten years, there has been a substantial decline in interest income on most forms of investments available to life insurance companies. The savings resulting from a lower death rate and Metropolitan's slightly lower expense rates (except for taxes) have not been sufficient to offset such reductions in interest earnings.

Every day, hundreds of policyholders consult Metropolitan agents for services or information concerning their Metropolitan policies. Frequently the questions they ask have to do with dividends.

As a result, the amount available for dividends, during the period of declining interest rates, has been reduced.

4. In what manner may I use my dividend?

If you own an Ordinary life insurance policy in Metropolitan, you may use your dividend in any one of four ways.

- (a) You can receive your dividend in cash.
- (b) You can apply your dividend toward the payment of premiums.
- (c) Except in the case of Term insurance, you can use your dividend to purchase additional paid-up life insurance. Any such insurance, purchased in this manner, will be added to the face amount which your present policy will have at death or upon maturity.
- (d) You can leave dividends with the Company to accumulate interest.

It is not feasible, of course, to make all of the above options available for Industrial or Group policies.

No matter how you elect to use your dividends, the final result is this: dividends reduce the amount you pay for your life insurance to the actual cost of providing it.

This is Number 30 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

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Inflation—What It Is, When It Happens, and Why

BY PAUL CARLISS

EVERYONE is interested in inflation. Investors, business executives, housekeepers, wage-earners—all have reason to be agitated by its threatening possibilities and to fear its consequences. Never before has it been so great a threat; never has so much latent 'inflationable' material been lying around. And yet, so far, there has been no sign of its arrival. Will it—like Hitler—always threaten but never come?

The great inflation of 1923 in Germany publicized this economic fever in a realistic manner and extreme degree. There had of course been many previous examples of inflation such as in France in the eighteenth century, in England during the Napoleonic Wars, the Civil War in the United States, and later on, the so-called 'private-credit' inflation of the nineteenth century. As a general rule it is an aftermath of war or social disorders—a symptom as well as a result of national stress and strain.

During the World War of 1914-18 the German government sold several bond issues to the public but it also followed a policy of issuing more and Treasury bills and of having them discounted at the Reichsbank for currency. The normal volume of currency in circulation before the war did not exceed 5,000,000,000 marks. When the armistice was signed in 1918 it amounted to 28,400,000,000 marks, and the price level was about 2½ times that prevailing before the war—a typical example of currency inflation.

The German Debacle

Later, the issuance of marks was accelerated so that by 1922 the number of marks in circulation exceeded 1,295,231,000,000! The value of the mark in terms of dollars became less and less until by the end of 1923 over 6,000 billion marks were equal in value to one U.S. dollar. This rapid deterioration of the mark in terms of other currencies—or in terms of gold—is another type of inflation. Excessive government expenditures for war purposes combined with huge deficits in the national budget may also be designated as inflationary and in fact were the basic causes for the debacle which followed.

To view the German inflation objectively provides an ideal lesson in the mechanics of its operation. The underlying difficulties are clearly observed; the early steps leading to danger may be readily traced; the final collapse is seen as inevitable. But if we were to live through these experiences would we be aware of their significance?

The line of demarcation between inflation and just an ordinary business or commodity boom is not always easy to establish. In fact there is no clear point of division, just as it is impossible to say when a patient's temperature develops into a dangerous fever or to determine the point at which a stream becomes a river and finally a roaring, irresistible torrent.

In the Last War

A definition of inflation might therefore be a rise in prices—commodities, stocks, wages, rents, etc.—which can no longer be controlled and which must eventually result in a major operation or adjustment such as the writing down of the national currency in terms of other currencies (as in Germany, Italy and France after the last war); or in a collapse of the banking and currency systems (such as occurred in the United States in 1933).

The average person however is not interested in definitions. Of far more importance is the fact that the price of bread is higher; that the cost of sugar has doubled; or that the rent has been boosted. In France after the last war the cost of living rose approximately 500 per cent, a circumstance that brought great hardships to all those of moderate means and particularly to those with a fixed income. In all of the belligerent na-

Inflation is a topic of widespread interest; but in spite of all that has been written and spoken on the subject it remains a mystery to the average person. We all can understand what is meant by a rising market, or high interest rates or a commodity boom; but when someone commences to speak of inflation most of us become a little befuddled.

The following article explains in non-technical language just what inflation is. Also when it happens, and why. The threat of inflation has badly frightened many investors but so far the stock market does not reflect these fears. In fact, as Mr. Carliss points out, the fear of taxation seems to be a more powerful market factor. Certain definite signals may be expected before inflation will make itself felt.

tions a greater or lesser degree of inflation occurred—but there is an important difference between inflation of a temporary nature which results in a permanent change in the price level or in the exchange value of the monetary unit.

In England, Canada and the United States commodity prices, rents, wages, all soared during the period 1914-18. The cost of living, in Canada, increased by over 100 per cent from August, 1914 to August, 1920. Wages, rents, stock prices—costs of all kinds—rose in response to the increased purchasing power generated by a war-stimulated industrial expansion.

This was inflation—but temporary inflation, since prices and costs began to decline in 1920 and a severe deflation followed which had the effect of counteracting to a considerable extent the 'inflation' of the war period. In England a similar pattern was traced but the abortive attempt to restore the pound to its pre-war level—and the subsequent discarding of a fixed gold standard—proved that its inflation 'fever' had reached a

more dangerous point than in this country, and that its effects were of a more far-reaching nature.

Will Inflation Last?

Here then is the root of the problem. If we have inflation, will it last—or will a subsequent deflation take us back to where we started? A brief period of rising prices and artificial expansion could not be regarded as disturbing—in fact may be welcomed. It is not a question therefore of whether we are faced with 'inflation' but whether it is to be temporary 'inflation' or the more serious, permanent kind that has in the past left its mark on so many countries and on the lives of so many helpless individuals within their borders.

If it were safe to think about this war in terms of the conflict of 1914-18 we could feel reasonably confident concerning its economic consequences. But we know that the two situations are far from parallel. Of course, government spending then, as now, rose to prodigious proportions; then,



DEAD END

as now, large loans were necessary; then, as now, foreign exchange was frugally conserved.

However several notable differences exist. For one thing, our national debt is much higher on a per capita basis. In 1914 interest charges on the federal debt amounted to \$12,893,505 in contrast to over \$130,000,000 last year. Then we cannot overlook the much heavier scale of taxation in existence today. These facts would seem to imply that inflation is, more than ever, the way

out—if not absolutely unavoidable.

But there are other differences which partially at least offset those already mentioned. Instead of a shortage of foodstuffs and many war materials which developed during the last war we are today faced with a surplus of nearly every commodity from wheat to oil. Skyrocketing of commodity prices should not therefore materialize.

A most important new development of this war is the policy of all belligerent governments to control the price level. In Germany, in England and in Canada a firm hand has been placed on industry and due notice given that no pyramiding of prices will be tolerated. We have already experienced control over food prices, rents and wages; and from the outset of the war fixed prices were set for the base metals. This regimentation of labor and industry is something new to us; but it is here to stay and it is a most potent obstacle to inflation.

Need Not Be Dangerous

As the war progresses, some expansion in bank credit is certain; government borrowing—possibly on an unprecedented scale—is already a part and parcel of our war effort. Boom conditions in industry exist now, and increased consumer purchasing power is sure to be felt. This adds up to inflation—of the type we have frequently experienced in the past but not necessarily dangerous or permanent inflation.

This cycle of prosperity—false and artificial though it may be—need not lead to economic or financial disaster. We have the means to avoid unhealthy excesses both in our financing of the war and in our industrial activity. Our banking system is sound; our resources are adequate; our trade is favorable and sufficient supplies of foreign exchange are available for our needs abroad; and finally we have the desire and will to carry on our war effort the hard way—without recourse to financial legerdemain.

Those that fear an uncontrolled inflation may therefore derive comfort from the evidence so far available. Possibly, if the war lasts for several years and produces new and unforeseen problems, the consequences may be equally unpredictable. It is also within the realm of possibility that current tendencies toward inflation in the United States may proceed further and more rapidly than in this country and may impose themselves to some extent upon our economy.

It has been said that every war causes inflation. However until we observe an abnormal increase in the amount of currency in circulation or notice a definite weakening in the ramparts of our foreign exchange control we may face the future without undue alarm. It may even be that the day is not too distant when the fear of deflation will once again return to plague us.

THE BUSINESS FRONT

The Problem of Man-Power

BY P. M. RICHARDS

Financial Editor

CANADA'S war is moving into a new phase. Through the first year of the war the main task was to get the war program under way, to build an army, a munitions production system and a national war economy. Now the big job at hand is to co-ordinate the various war efforts in order to eliminate friction between them and to permit of further necessary expansion. The most serious and immediate problem is that of the proper utilization of the nation's man-power.

About 180,000 men are still required to bring Canada's Active Service Force, Air Force, air training project and Navy to their planned strengths. And industry engaged in producing munitions and war supplies will probably need another 140,000 men by next summer. That's 320,000. To provide this number, there are only, it is estimated, some 160,000 idle men fit to work.

The penalty of failing to solve the problem will be to let down not only Canada's war effort but Britain's also, for Britain depends on Canada for the very means of carrying on. This is especially so in view of the possibility that embolism in the Far Eastern situation may make the United States less free to produce planes and other munitions for Britain.

And there's more to Canada's man-power problem than a mere deficiency in numbers. The army needs physically-fit men and industry needs skilled men. Industry's needs are more acute than the army's. Not only has industry lost many workers to the army, but its need for workers has increased with the development of war production. The situation is made worse by the fact that, for years past, the proportion of skilled men among the unemployed has been steadily decreasing. Furthermore, many of the new war production operations require thoroughly trained men, such as diemakers, toolmakers and patternmakers.

Affects Military Training

The industrial situation in respect of labor is so serious that it may drastically affect the raising and training of men for the fighting services. Government statements indicate that the needs of industry in respect of man-power will henceforth rank before those of the army, that the calling up of men under the 30-day military training scheme will be adjusted to meet industry's needs, and that some skilled men may even be returned from the army to industrial life. In this,

it is worth noting, Canada would only be following the lead of Britain, which for months past has been combing out industrially skilled men from the army.

Going much further than this, the government may also soon set up a Labor Controller, under the Department of Munitions and Supply, with power to move labor from one sphere of activity to another, assign workers to jobs and fix their rates of pay, prevent workers "shopping around" for the best wage and eliminate the "stealing" of workers by one firm from another. The Labor Controller would operate under authority created by various existing Acts and no new legislation would be necessary, it is understood.

Women to Replace Men

One of the chief means of solving the man-power problem will be a much wider employment of women in industry. Men will be replaced by women in many fields of industrial activity into which women had not previously penetrated, and to this end training agencies will be operated by the government and by private industry itself. Youths and girls who ordinarily would not work until a later period of their lives will be encouraged to enter industry now. And the Labor Controller or other authority may also, if it is deemed necessary, restrict the amount of labor available to industries engaged in non-essential production.

Every effort will be made to provide a supply of trained men for industry by development of the Youth Training Program and other training schemes. Furthermore, individual industrial operations will be surveyed for the purpose of seeing that no more skilled men are used on the individual job than are essential. The idea is that one skilled man and two helpers may be able to do satisfactorily what three skilled men have done hitherto, thus freeing some of the latter for other operations.

Obviously all this means change, and plenty of it, in Canada's industrial way of life. Lots of things which were previously left to industry to handle will now be controlled by government. There are bound to be mistakes, and no doubt some injustices. But it is up to all ranks of Canada's industrial army to play the game and co-operate to the full. It is important to remember that every bit of friction lessens efficiency and thus hinders the national effort and gives aid and comfort to the enemy.



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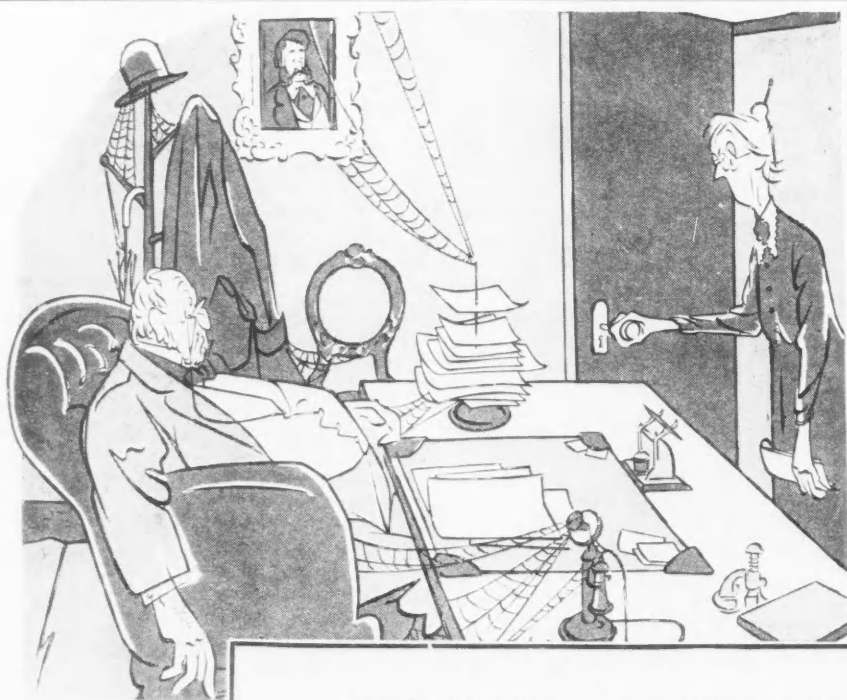
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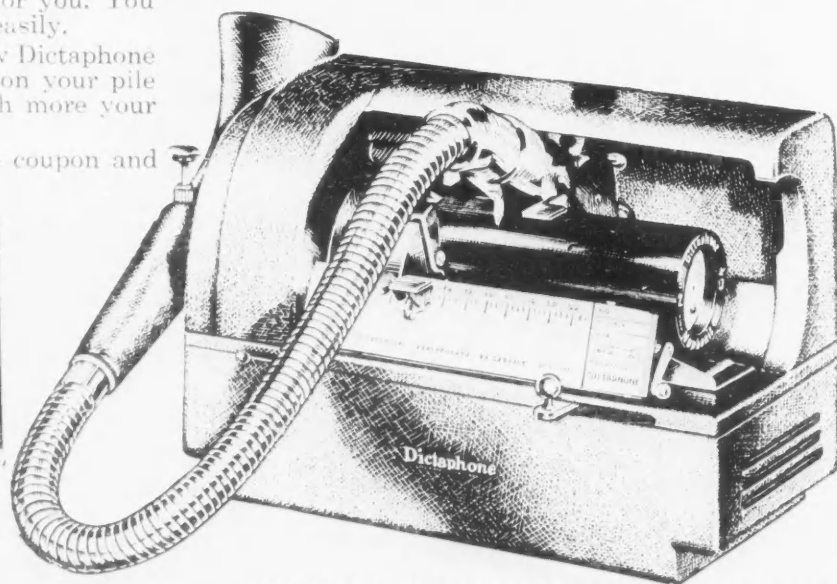
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SALES AND SERVICE OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

C. W. LINDSAY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly give me your opinion of C. W. Lindsay & Co., Ltd., common stock at current prices.

—M. K., Westmount, Que.

I think the common stock of C. W. Lindsay & Co., Ltd., has little attraction at the present time. I express this opinion despite the fact that the outlook for continued improvement in the company's business is regarded as encouraging.

Reflecting the generally increased level of consumer purchasing power, business in the first half of the fiscal year, which began March 1, has shown considerable improvement over one year ago, and the second and most important half of the year, which includes Christmas and New Year's, has still to be reckoned with. The company is now making extensive alterations to its Montreal store front and it is expected that the more attractive appearance will result in increased business. Improvement in

business so far this year has been chiefly in pianos, radios and musical instruments, while in an effort to diversify sales and achieve a more balanced basis of earning power, electric refrigerators and washing machines were added to the existing lines; this year furniture was also included.

But there are several adverse factors in the picture: first, arrears on the 4,812 shares of preferred stock outstanding amount to \$44.75 per share; second, the company has not been doing particularly well lately and the Excess Profits Tax will, in all probability, be burdensome; and last, the company's business is such that increased taxation and the rising cost of living, which go hand in hand with War, should affect it adversely.

In the year ended February 29, 1940, earnings were equal to a deficit of 68 cents per common share, as compared with deficits of \$1.24, 11 cents, 77 cents and \$1.84 per share in 1939, 1938, 1937 and 1936, respectively. The last dividend payment on the common stock was 25 cents per share, made in 1932.

FRONTIER RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some shares in Frontier Red Lake Gold Mines. I would like your opinion of the shares and of the company's future prospects.

—D. K. D., Ottawa, Ont.

Assets of Frontier Red Lake Gold Mines were acquired last November by Gold Frontier Mines Limited for a consideration of 1,093,431 shares of the new company, which works out on the basis of one new for two old shares. A financing arrangement was made early this year which since has fallen through and I understand a new agreement for funds is being considered.

Late last month it was reported that the workings were being de-watered preparatory to a further examination in hopes of putting the property on a producing basis as soon as possible. There is estimated to be considerable high grade ore available for extraction and the plant at the Granada Mine, in Rouyn, Quebec, may be shipped to the Frontier before the close of navigation.

CANADA NORTHERN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Though a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT of many years' standing, I have never before approached you for advice. However, I am deeply disturbed at the report I read to the effect that Canada Northern Power has had another very considerable diminution in output. As you know, the dividend was cut and the stock is now much lower than I paid for it. What has caused this drop? Perhaps you could give us a picture of the circumstances, also advise whether to sell out at a loss, or whether to hang on. As the matter is a great worry, I should appreciate some definite information and advice. What you say on the "Gold & Dross" page is always very informing.

H. F. D., Montreal, Que.

Apart from the increase in taxes in the current year, there have been several other factors behind the decline in the net earnings of Canada Northern Power. Added up, they explain the reduction in the quarterly dividend rate from 30 cents to 25 cents per share.

To begin at the beginning: in the 1939 annual report, President A. J. Smith referred to a further reduction of rates of power to mining companies. This last rate reduction there were three others it is estimated, lops off a further \$275,000 to \$300,000 in annual gross revenues; additional customers have just partially offset the loss. For the first 8 months of 1940, net earnings dropped off \$205,463, equivalent to 51 cents per share on the 400,000 shares of common stock and if this rate of decrease continues for the balance of the year,

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Claims for Loss of Cargoes in German Ships

BY GEORGE GILBERT

One of the most important marine insurance judgments arising out of war so far was delivered in London recently in the King's Bench Division in three test actions against Lloyd's underwriters. It had its origin in the German propensity for scuttling their vessels when threatened with capture by British warships.

Were losses sustained by British cargo owners as a result of such acts recoverable under marine insurance policies which covered war risks but which also contained the Frustration Clause, warranting underwriters free of any claim from "loss of, or frustration of, the insured voyage or adventure caused by arrests, restraints or detentions of Kings, Princes, People, Usurpers or persons attempting to usurp power"? The answer of the judge was "No," but as very large sums are said to be involved, the case is likely to go to appeal.

THREE test actions were recently brought in England in the King's Bench Division against three Lloyd's underwriters by British owners of cargo which had been on board German vessels, which either before or upon the outbreak of the war put into neutral ports, returned to Germany, or scuttled themselves to avoid capture by British or allied warships. The claims were in respect of the loss of the cargoes, and the question at issue was whether the losses were covered under the terms of the Lloyd's policies in which they were interested.

In the first case, that of Middows, Ltd. v. R. S. Robertson, goods were shipped in the "Wangoni" at Bremen for carriage to South Africa. The "Wangoni" put into Vigo on September 1, 1939, and in March next returned to Hamburg. The second case, that of W. W. Howard Bros. & Co., Ltd. v. L. E. Kann, related to the steamer "Halle" which sailed from Bunbury for the United Kingdom and was scuttled on or about October 16, 1939, under orders given by the German Government. The third case, that of Forestal Land, Timber & Railways Co., Ltd. v. Edward Rickards, concerned goods shipped in the "Minden" at Buenos Aires for carriage to Hongkong/Shanghai. The ship put into Santos, and left there with the idea of getting to Germany, but she was scuttled.

For the Lloyd's underwriters the defences raised were: (1) That on the outbreak of war the policies were voided on the ground that they were an insurance by British insurers of cargo belonging to British owners in enemy ships; (2) That the German steamers were trying to run the British blockade, and that that constituted a breach of the warranty of legality; (3) That the German steamers had abandoned their voyages and the insurances had come to an end; (4) That the policies were expressly declared to be free from any claim arising out of frustration.

Lloyd's Standard Form

With regard to the "Minden" case, Mr. Justice Hilbery, in the course of a considered judgment, said it was a claim under a Lloyd's marine and war risks policy of insurance in the standard form, whereby a part of the cargo in the German steamship "Minden" was insured for certain South African voyages. The policy was in the usual form, and expressed to include the conditions of the special clauses attached, which were the printed Institute War Clauses and clauses for shipment from South America.

It was contended by the claimants that during the currency of the policy, and while the goods were insured, the goods became a total loss by one or more of the perils insured against. This total loss was said to have been either actual or constructive—actual when the ship was scuttled on September 28, 1939, or, alternatively, constructive when the ship was at Rio de Janeiro and the war broke out, or, at the latest, when the ship sailed from Rio de Janeiro. The loss of the cargo through the German master scuttling the ship on his Government's orders in the presence of a British warship, which it was to be inferred had stop-

ped her while she was trying to run the British blockade, might very well, said the judge, be a loss by warlike operations.

It was claimed that this peril was covered by the policy, but, said the judge, it could give no cause of action under the policy unless, at the time it happened, the cargo was still covered by the policy. The difficulty about the claim, if it were an actual loss, which sprang to the eye on the facts stated, he said, was that by no conceivable theory could a steamship be off the Faroes while on a voyage between Buenos Aires and Hongkong via Durban, which was the voyage against the named perils of which the goods in question were insured.

Issue in Case

Everything in the case, said the judge, depended upon what was the correct conclusion upon the issue which arose on the claim for constructive total loss. It was to be noticed that the claimants did not nominate any peril named in the policy as being the peril which caused the constructive total loss, but, he said, they stated that certain things happened as the result of which they were deprived of the goods by one or more of the perils insured against.

As a matter of pleading, that was a proper course, but it was the things that really happened and not the name by which they were called which caused the loss. Whether those things or happenings came within the description in the policy of one or more of the perils covered was important.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

he said, in considering whether there was a cause of action on the policy. Even if the happenings could be said to fit several descriptions of perils given in the policy, they remained the same happenings and the one cause.

Three days after war had actually broken out, the master weighed anchor and left Rio de Janeiro, said the judge, and that he then set out to attempt to get to Germany there could be no doubt. When he actually sailed for Germany, there was an overt act from which could be drawn certain inferences. In that act he was restraining or detaining the claimants' goods, and was acting under the orders of the German Government. The master was, therefore, acting as agent of the German Government. It was argued that that restraint could be said to begin when the master decided, in obedience to his Government's orders to take the goods and the ship back to Germany.

Restraint of Princes

Since the master acted as he did when he and his Government were enemies of the British owners of the cargo, it might be said that at the same time there was a restraint; there was also a loss of goods under the peril described in the policy as "enemies." The underwriters argued

that the loss at Rio de Janeiro was brought about by the master of the adventure through "the restraint of princes," a peril excepted from the policy by the "warranted free" clause.

When it was said that the master restrained or detained the goods by sailing away with them for Germany on the Government's orders, the voyage—which was the adventure—was finally abandoned, and the adventure, the subject of the policy, was frustrated. That frustration was the loss of the goods. It was argued that this was a policy, the subject matter of which was goods, and that if the claimants showed a loss through a peril it mattered not that the underwriters could show on the same facts a loss of the adventure, causing a loss of the goods within the warranted free condition.

That argument was not sound, said Mr. Justice Hilbery, as the courts had said that it was not true to say that a marine policy on cargo was an insurance of the goods alone. The claimants, he said, could not succeed in a claim for constructive total loss at Rio de Janeiro, because the departure of the ship from Rio de Janeiro on a voyage to Germany was a frustration of the adventure.

In respect to the claim for loss of goods through the scuttling of the ship, the judge held that the underwriters were not on the risk at the time the ship was scuttled. With regard to alternative arguments that at the time of scuttling, or at Rio de Janeiro, there was a "taking at sea," and that another peril insured against was barratry by the master and crew, the judge held that these also failed.

Judgment was entered accordingly in favor of the underwriters in each case, and, on similar grounds, in each of the other two test cases before the court.

HEADS METROPOLITAN

EDWIN C. McDONALD, who has been appointed Canadian manager of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in succession to H. D. Wright, who is to retire at the close of the current year, has spent twenty years in life insurance, fifteen of them with the Metropolitan.

Of Scotch and English ancestry, Mr. McDonald served during the World War as an officer of the U.S. Marine Corps. After his discharge from service, he became actuary and later treasurer of the Life Insurance Service Bureau, of Chicago, Ill., an organization which rendered a consulting, conservation and actuarial service to a group of 25 life insurance companies in the Middle West.

In 1925 he joined the Metropolitan as a group representative, specializing in the sale of group pension programs, which were then being added to the group insurance lines. Stationed in Chicago for some years, he became successively an annuities adviser and associate sales manager of the group division. He was appointed an assistant secretary of the company in 1930 and was transferred to the home office and subsequently was placed in charge of all group insurance sales. Fifteen years of practical experience in selling and installing group insurance programs in business and industrial organizations has made Mr. McDonald an authority, and he has written and spoken extensively on the subject.

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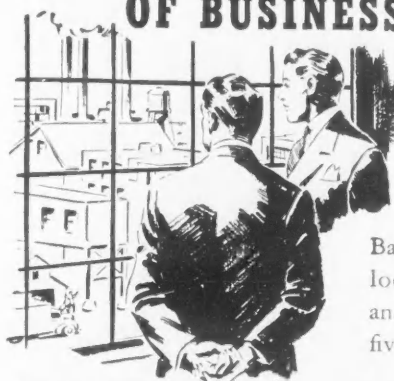
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Western Oil & Oil Men

BY T. E. KEYES

THE other day I noticed an advertisement in an American magazine, which gave the history, or rather a few facts, about the oil industry, which now ranks third among United States industries. According to the advertisement, there are now about 365,000 oil wells in the United States. Other things stressed in it were the strides that have been made in refining as a result of refinery research, on which about \$15,000,000 is spent annually by the oil companies. At the present time each average barrel of crude is yielding about twice as much gasoline as it did 20 years ago, and in that period the average price of gasoline in the United States has been cut from 29c a gallon to less than 14c a gallon. Oil workers get better year-round pay than workers in any other basic United States industries.

The ad also stresses the competition existing in the industry and the depth of the wells, which in some of the deeper California fields would be equal to 12 Empire State buildings in New York. This building, as I remember it, is slightly over 1,000 feet so that these wells would be around 13,000 feet or about 2½ miles deep. While on the subject of deep drilling I noticed the other day where a well on the United States Gulf Coast had been drilled to 12,000 feet in 57 days' actual drilling time. In Turner Valley we require about 5 to 6 months to drill a well to 8,000 feet.

The reason for the difference in drilling time is due to the fact that the formations in Turner Valley are very hard, while in the United States Gulf Coast they are very soft and easily penetrated, or somewhat similar to the Vermilion, Alta., field, where a well is drilled to 1,850 feet in 30 hours or just over a day, and only one bit used. In certain areas of Turner Valley it requires about two weeks and around 25 bits to make 1,200 feet of hole. These bits are worth around \$125 each.

While the oil industry in Canada is only an infant as compared to the United States, it is nevertheless much greater than most of us realize. Even our oil controller, Mr. G. R. Cottrell, who, while he was not actually a practical oil man previous to his appointment as controller, was nevertheless more or less mixed up in the oil business, being a director of a company that manufactured refinery equipment, freely admits that the oil industry in Canada is much larger and more important than he realized. The yearly value of the crude oil or raw material of the industry in Canada is around \$80,000,000.

As compared to 365,000 crude oil wells in the United States, we have possibly 300 in Canada. However, one of the interesting and hopeful things about our producers is the fact that the wells are located right across the country. There are about 15 producers in New Brunswick, showings of oil in Quebec, and possibly 100 wells in the Petrolia, Bothwell and other Ontario fields, which still produce a few barrels of oil; then there is our major oil field in Turner Valley with 120 crude producers and 22 wells drilling, which together with producing wells in 7 other Alberta fields along with, I believe, 4 producing wells in Fort Norman in the Northwest Territories, gives us in all about 300 producers spread over a very wide territory.

Added to this large prospective oil territory are the Alberta tar sands, which are estimated by United States experts to contain at least five hundred billion barrels of oil or the world's greatest known oil reserve. In order to recover the oil from the tar sands, it is necessary to mine them, as the oil is too heavy to flow when drilled. These tar sands are, however, actually oil sands and are not to be compared with oil shales, which are prevalent in many places

in the United States and a few places in Canada.

What the oil business in Canada needs is several good oil promoters. A good promoter is a national asset and should receive every possible encouragement from public officials and other bodies including the press.

By a good promoter I mean an honest, reliable fellow, with sound judgment, vision, and sufficient ability to examine the possibilities of a proposition, and then if in his opinion, it offers a good chance of success, he must be prepared to put some of his own money into it, and do some investigation or exploration work before asking the public to participate with him. A real promoter usually takes no salary until his promotion is making money. We have a few of this type of promoter in western oils, but they are too few, and we are not sufficiently distinguishing between them and the so-called promoter who puts up practically none of his own money, takes a preferred position on securities issued and a salary immediately his promotion is launched, and likewise a good share of the junior security.

I have had several letters and people tell me that some promotions and companies were operated almost entirely for the benefit of the management and a few insiders, and that I should expose these officials. While this may be true, nevertheless I hardly think it's up to me to do any private investigating. All provinces have security commissioners, and we now have a Dominion Oil Controller—Mr. G. R. Cottrell, whose address is 25 King St. West, Toronto, and who has very wide powers. If shareholders feel they have grounds for complaint, I suggest they write Mr. Cottrell, or the various security commissioners.

Last week the financial statement of Highwood Sarcee Oil Co. Ltd., was released. The company shows an operating loss of \$46,641 as compared to \$3,131 the previous year. This loss is due largely to the drilling of a well in the Blackfoot Hills area near Lloydminster, and to the writing off of investments, in the Harris No. 1 well in Turner Valley. The Lloydminster area was considered a favorable one, and the fact that the company was not successful is no disgrace. The company's business is to prospect and drill for oil, and the money was obtained from the public for that purpose.

The company during the year under review, after considerable geological work, acquired 17,000 acres of leases in the Sarcee Indian reserve. The management has arranged with the Inland Development Co. to drill a well on this acreage. Should this well prove to be a producer it immediately greatly enhances the value of the assets of the Highwood Co.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

COPPER shipments from the mines of Canada to the arsenals of Japan have been stopped. Such shipments had in the past been viewed with uneasiness. The moment Japan announced her decision to walk arm-in-arm with the gangster Axis nations, it became obvious that public opinion in Canada would finally compel the government at Ottawa to order a discontinuation of sales of the metal to Nippon. Mining men in the Dominion now breathe a sigh of genuine relief. And they may be excused for wondering just how long Ottawa can see its way clear to carry on any kind of trade whatsoever with a nation which has elected to march with the forces now pledged to fight Canada to the death and would bring about Canada's utter destruction if they only could.

Teck-Hughes Gold Mines made a net profit of \$2,293,558 or 47.7 cents

per share during the fiscal year ended August 31. This compared with \$2,023,392 or 42 cents per share in the preceding year. Total income for the year was \$4,773,115. Approximately 50 per cent. of the net income for the year was in the form of dividends received from Lamaque Gold Mines, subsidiary of Teck-Hughes. Ore reserves decreased 6.7 per cent in gold content to 515,197 tons containing an estimated 150,702 ounces of gold.

Perron Gold Mines has recently been recovering \$15 in gold from each ton of ore milled. As a result of this, the output rose to \$187,172 during September. This compared with \$168,533 during August. Production for the first nine months of this year was \$1,386,463, and exceeded by \$318,000 the record set in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Senator-Rouyn, Limited commenced shipments of ore to the Arntfield mill and actual milling of the ore began this week. Meanwhile Senator-Rouyn has signed a contract for the construction of a mill of its own, designed to treat 300 tons of ore daily.

Sherritt Gordon Mines will pay a dividend of five cents per share on December 12, calling for distribution



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of \$293,721. A dividend of similar amount was paid on July 18, thereby making a total of \$587,442 distributed to the stockholders during the last half of 1940.

Jerome Gold Mines has made plans to instal a mill of 500 tons daily capacity. The property is located at

Opeepeesway Lake. Mining Corporation of Canada holds a 50 per cent interest, Hollinger a 40 per cent interest and a small percentage is held by Ashley Gold Mines. Preliminary estimates suggest about \$3,500,000 in gold in a depth of 500 feet to which diamond drilling has been carried. The ore contains \$7 in gold per ton.

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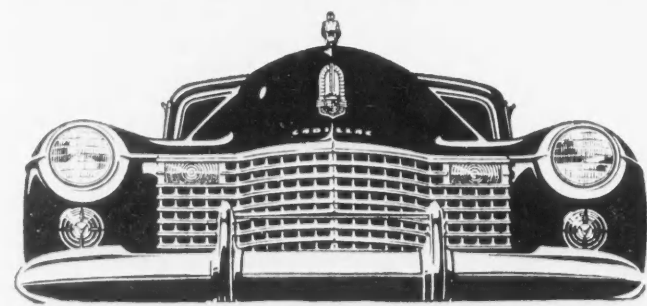
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